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The Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America (MARYKNOLL)

Approved by the National Council of Archbishops, Washington, D. C., April 27, 1911. Authorized by His Holiness, Pius X, at Rome, on the Feast of SS. Peter and Paul, June 29, 1911.

"Maryknoll," in honor of the Queen of the Apostles, has become the popular designation of the Society.

The Society was founded for the immediate purpose of training Catholic missionaries for the heathen and of arousing American Catholics to a sense of their apostolic duty. Its ultimate aim is the development of a native clergy in lands now pagan.

The priests of the Society are secular, without vows. They are assisted by auxiliary brothers and by the Foreign Mission Sisters of St. Dominic, more commonly known as "Maryknoll Sisters."

IN THE UNITED STATES.

THE SEMINARY AND ADMINISTRATION is situated above the Hudson River, about thirty miles north of New York City, at Ossining (Maryknoll P. O.), N. Y. Students in the Seminary make the usual six-year course in philosophy, theology, scripture, etc. The Auxiliary Brotherhood of St. Michael was established for those who wish to devote themselves to foreign mission work, but are not inclined to pursue higher studies or to assume the responsibilities of the priesthood. The general management of the Society and the publication of its two periodicals, *The Field Afar* and *The Maryknoll Junior*, are carried on at this center. Here, too, is the motherhouse of the Maryknoll Sisters.

THE MARYKNOLL PREPARATORY COLLEGE, at Clark's Summit, near Scranton, Pa., admits to a five-year classical course foreign mission aspirants who have completed the eight grammar grades. Connected with this institution is a group of the Maryknoll Sisters. Their convent is dedicated to Our Lady of the Missions.

THE MARYKNOLL SISTERS have worked with the Society from the beginning, first as lay helpers and now as recognized religious. These sisters devote themselves exclusively to work for foreign missions. (For further information, address: The Mother Superior, Maryknoll, N. Y.)

THE MARYKNOLL MEDICAL BUREAU, at 410 East 57th St., New York, was started in 1920 to interest the medical profession in mission needs, to secure the services of physicians and nurses and to provide medical supplies for hospitals and dispensaries in the mission. Here, also, is the city office of Maryknoll.

THE MARYKNOLL PROCURE in San Francisco, Calif., at 1911 Van Ness Ave., is the center of Maryknoll activities on the Western Coast and the depot of supplies for the missionaries in China. It is also the headquarters of the *Maryknoll Society of the Pacific*.

THE MARYKNOLL JAPANESE MISSIONS, at 425 South Boyle Ave., Los Angeles, Calif., and 507 17th Ave., Seattle, Wash., are conducted by the Maryknoll Sisters, for the education and religious instruction of the Japanese in those cities.

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For further information address: The Catholic Foreign Mission Society, Maryknoll, N. Y.

IN CHINA

A MISSION of 25,000 square miles in South China has been assigned to the Maryknoll Society by the Sacred College of Propaganda Fide, Rome. The first band of Maryknoll priests left for this field in September, 1918. There are now sixteen priests and one auxiliary brother in the Maryknoll Mission. A second mission field equally large as that in Kwangtung has recently been set apart for Maryknoll in Kwangsi. In the fall of 1921 the first mission group of Maryknoll Sisters arrived at their Chinese convent, 19 Chat-ham Road, Kowloon, Hongkong.

THE MARYKNOLL PROCURE is the center of communications and supplies for the various mission stations at Wuchow, Yeungkong, Tungehan, Kochow, Loting, Chiklung, Tungon, and Pingnam, in the provinces of Kwangtung and Kwangsi. The post-office address of the Procure is: Box 595, Hongkong.

ASSOCIATE MEMBERSHIP IN THE SOCIETY

THE work of the Society is maintained and developed by the cooperation of its associate members. For these members, weekly Masses are offered by the priests, and they are remembered at the communions and other prayers of the students and sisters. The same spiritual benefits may, if desired, be applied to departed souls.

Associate Membership in the Society, with a personal share in its good works and merits, is secured by all benefactors and by subscribers to *The Field Afar*. Associate membership for one year is fifty cents; in perpetuity, fifty dollars, payable on enrollment or within two years.

MONTHLY MAGAZINES OF THE SOCIETY

THE FIELD AFAR—twelve issues yearly.

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THE FIELD AFAR

I have been a steady reader of *THE FIELD AFAR* and it is a very interesting paper. But I have two objections: it is too small and the issues are too far apart. When you think you are just well started you find yourself at the end.—*St. Louis, Mo.*

I have found your paper to be the most interesting and inspiring, especially to students for the holy priesthood. It awakens in their hearts a stronger desire for the salvation of immortal souls. I hope its success will continue to grow year by year.—*Ind.*

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I revere your work and enjoy your "family paper" so much that I dare to ask you to send me about fifty copies of your anniversary, or any convenient issues, so that I can distribute them to my few people. I hope then to obtain a few subscriptions for you.—*Rev. Friend, Ill.*

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Address: THE FIELD AFAR Office
Maryknoll, N. Y.

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OBSERVATIONS IN THE ORIENT— THE EPOCH-MAKER

This book records the travels and notes of the Superior of Maryknoll, who has prepared for the Catholics of America the first book of its kind in the English language.

The book itself is worth more than the price asked. Its cover design is most attractive—red cloth stamped in gold and black. Its 320 pages are clearly printed and it has no less than 82 pages of illustrations.

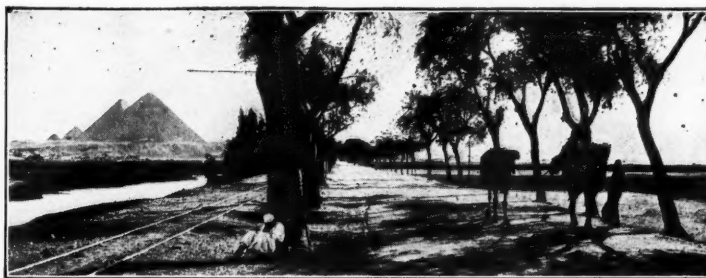
A Vicar-General in the far Northwest writes of *Observations in the Orient*:

Observations arrived three or four days ago and I have just gotten through devouring it. It has been a most enjoyable and profitable occupation for me and has made me realize, as I never realized before, the proportions of the work of the priests and sisters over there, both in their buildings and in the number of the souls they minister to. . . . I heartily wish our good priests and sisters at home would take the *Observations* for their daily meditation book for a year or so.

Do we realize that Christ actually exists to-day in over ten million Hosts and that everyone of these Hosts is destined to go on a missionary expedition of love and sanctification into some human breast?

Ask our dear Lord to start, with the love of His Sacred Heart, a missionary flame in the hearts of His chosen ones, that they in turn may carry Him to new hearts, even into new lands.

Around the Circle



WITH THE SUPERIOR OF MARYKNOLL.

IT was a run of about 1700 miles from Bombay across the Arabian Sea to Aden, the gateway to the Red Sea, and some 1400 miles further to our objective, Port Said.

We left Bombay, Saturday, January, 7, and arrived at Port Said after a calm voyage, Monday, January 16.

Passengers were few and included several from Persia and Mesopotamia. Among those from India were several doctors bound for an island in the Red Sea, a quarantine station for Moslems making the great pilgrimage to Mecca.

In this company of doctors was one woman, a Catholic, and evidently a very good one. We noticed her at Mass and later met her companions, a couple of gentle Hindu men, who expressed, in sad and cautious accents, their dissatisfaction with the opportunities offered them to rise in their profession.

These men were evidently religious in their own way, and sympathetic with the Catholic Church. We did not discuss politics with them, but they were certainly affected by the restlessness of their countrymen. We knew too little at first hand of India and its problems to do more than listen, but we could not help wondering if, under changed conditions, our friends would be any better off or any happier than we found them. They lacked something that Christianity could and would give them and which their woman companion seemed to possess.

We were interested to learn from these doctors that several Indian

Catholics, young women, had recently finished the medical course at Bombay and we wondered if in some of the Catholic Missions they could not find a fertile field, even as lay helpers, for the application of their knowledge.

If not, it would probably be because the average Catholic missionary cannot afford to pay even the meager salary which such women would require. This is a pity, if true, and the more the pity because, properly organized, the Catholic Church can afford to employ such lay helpers.

The three doctors left us at Aden, which we could see only in the shadow of night. We were between Arabia in Asia and Abyssinia in Africa. The shores of both continents were outlined on either side and Abyssinians, as well as Arabs, were out in their boats to welcome any spare change that we might have for the purchase of souvenirs.

My companion and I were changeless but we enjoyed the transactions of others. High above the water the steamer passengers lined along the rail, and below, tossing about on the water, were half a hundred boats filled with ostrich feathers and other products of the country lying about us. At the buyer's signal from above, a double line of rope, skillfully thrown, fell over the rail at his side. He then pulled on the rope and brought up a basket containing the article desired. Then came the bargaining; and when at least fifty percent had been knocked off, the basket

went back with the purchase price. Occasionally a buyer would send down less than demanded and the discovery below was followed by vehement protests which we were happy not to be able to translate.

It was all over in a couple of hours and we turned into the Red Sea. Red it was not, nor quite as calm as we expected, but the air was clear and we began to feel the call of Scripture lands. We were happy in anticipation of a long-desired privilege.

Mecca lay to the East as we passed, but too far to be seen, and our next point of interest was Mt. Sinai. The sacred mountain stands on a promontory that marks practically the northern limit of the Red Sea and leaves a run of only a few hours through narrowed waters to the entrance of the Suez Canal.

Did I see Mt. Sinai? I don't know. We were scheduled to pass it towards two o'clock in the morning and as I happened to wake about that time I went on deck. It was moonlight and I could see mountains, but there was no one to tell me which was which, and as I began to feel like a second-story worker, and a trifle cold, I retired to my cabin.

The next morning—Sunday—as we stepped out on the deck after Mass, we found ourselves at the entrance of the Canal. A canal is a canal, and there came the semblance of a thrill, as we thought over the span of years since we first read in our geographies about the Suez Canal. We were very thankful for this short cut into the Mediterranean, as we might have lived in the days when the shortest way to Europe was around the continent of Africa. Ferdinand de Lesseps had solved the problem after ten years of labor, with 25,000 men working steadily in three-month shifts.

As we entered the Canal that Sunday morning, we remarked an attractive church from whose belfry the Angelus call was sounding.

Signs in French greeted us on the line and steeped crosses told us that the Blessed Sacrament was in its tabernacle along this renowned waterway.

THE SEPTEMBER EXODUS.

Ten Maryknollers hope to sail for China in September.

Last month we stated that the outfit and travel expense (\$500 each) had been secured for two. Promises are made for two more. This leaves six to be provided and yours is the privilege. The small offering will be very welcome. Not every one can spare the full amount.

The canal is about a hundred miles long, but from only eighty to one hundred and fifty yards wide, except at a few lake passes. As the wash from a rapidly moving steamer would be destructive, progress is necessarily slow. But the trip was restful and interesting, with frequently passing boats on the canal itself, neatly kept stations, and in the distance desert views relieved occasionally by caravans of camels.

There was a fine sunset, too, that evening, but what are foreign land sunsets to a Maryknoller, except to remind him of the gorgeous views from the hill at home? More inspiring was the early morning glimpse of the El Kantara bridge, which marks the point where the Holy Family probably crossed in its flight into Egypt and where, long before, Abraham, Jacob and his sons had preceded them.

We anchored at Port Said well before nine o'clock that Monday morning and were brought ashore in small boats manned by Arabs; but it took us a bad hour to get through the customs, and Fr. Kay's face lost its beam as his trunk was emptied for inspection. Not that there was anything worth while in that box of his, but the villainous-looking officials were suspicious, and they gave it the "third degree." Mine? It has crossed the Pacific three times and looked so innocent and poor that they did not open it.

We finally secured our freedom and, mindful of the fact that we had only two hours in which to engage passage on the next P. & O. steamer, and plan a Cairo-Jerusalem trip that would bring us back to the custom-house

officers in just one week, we got very busy.

It's an ill wind that blows no gold-dust, and we can say of the World War that it enabled us to save time and to see the Holy Land, for the simple reason that it established a railway line from El Kantara to Jerusalem.

Our itinerary called first, however, for a Cairo train which left Port Said shortly after noon and brought us to Cairo about five o'clock. We skirted the canal bank until we reached El Kantara again. Then we turned west by Ismalia, towards the delta of the Nile. It was uninteresting enough for a while, with only desert sands, but we soon came to more fertile regions, studded with villages and crossed by roads made picturesque by donkeys and camels as also by those who drove or were carried by them. This was the ancient and fertile land of Gessen, which was given to Jacob and his sons. Here the old Patriarch died, blessing each of his children and announcing the coming of the Messiah.

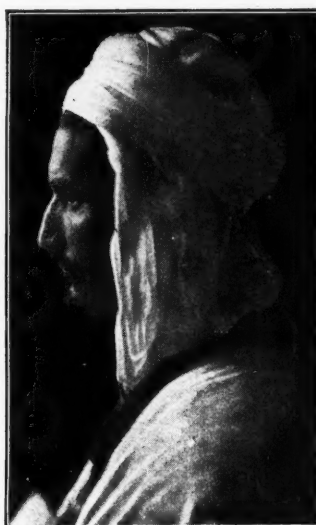
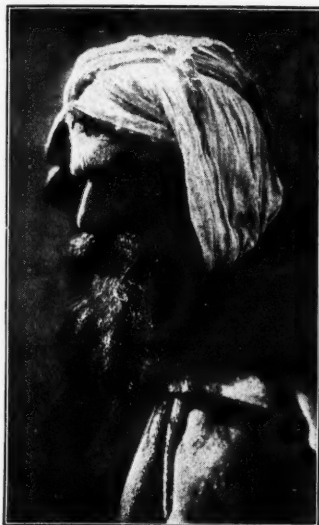
At a place called *Zagazig*, which we passed on the way to Cairo, is a large boys' school conducted by the Christian Brothers; also a girls' school under the Sisters of the African Missions.

Approaching Cairo, we caught our first glimpse of the great *Pyramids of Gizeh*. A not uncommon sight on this run into Egypt was that of a donkey carrying a woman, while her husband walked alongside, and the Holy Family was recalled as frequently as we saw the picture.

Palms were plentiful on the way, and great hedges of cactus formed boundary lines. We noted women bearing on their heads large jars of water, and others, veiled like nuns, sweeping the ground with their skirts as they walked.

Every station stop had its own peculiar interest, but we were particularly struck with the fine intelligent faces of the higher class men, of whom we saw not a few, as some notable Egyptian was on our train, holding a reception whenever we stopped.

The married women were marked not only by a veil which covered the



THESE ARE TYPES OF ARABIANS

To be found along the line from Egypt into Palestine.

lower part of the face, but also by a yellow coil that stretched from the forehead to the tip of the nose. I never saw the thing close enough to distinguish the material, but it reminded me of a twisted stick of molasses candy; and it certainly accomplished its purpose, which, I presume, was to render the wearer unattractive—a suggestion for some of our religious-habit designers.

There were mosques and minarets in every town we passed, and we wondered how many Catholics there might be in each, and where, if at all, Our Lord had His dwelling-place. I have often recalled the complaint of St. Augustine, Bishop of Hippo, as recorded in the breviary for the Feast of the Precious Blood: *The Blood of Christ is the price. What was its value? What, unless the whole earth? What, if not all nations? Truly unworthy of the price, or very proud, are they who say that He redeemed only the Africans. What He gave, He gave for all.*

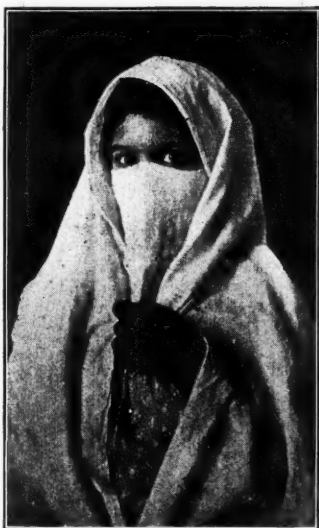
Had the Africans heeded St. Augustine and become propagandists, would the Church in Africa have died? Would Mahometanism be what it is today? Hardly.

There is, however, more than a spark of religious life in Egypt. A

Delegate-Apostolic for the Latin and Oriental Rites represents the Holy See in both Egypt and Arabia. Egypt itself has two vicariates, one administered from Alexandria by a Franciscan archbishop, the other from Heliopolis. The Copts also have three dioceses; the Greek Catholics, a patriarch: the Maronites, Armenians,

Syrians, and Chaldeans each a bishop; and all are under Rome.

This much I had learned at Port Said, but we were not prepared to find Cairo as European as it is, with its good-sized churches and its several French-speaking schools and colleges. Cairo is one of the largest cities in the Near East. It has some seven hundred thousand inhabitants, among whom are fifty thousand foreigners, Europeans mostly. The Muslims form the greater part of the population, and they have more than four hundred mosques. Then there are the Christians of different rites, as mentioned above, the Latins leading with several churches. Jews number about six thousand.



We noted others veiled like nuns.

As we left the train at Cairo we fell into the hands of a poorly dressed interpreter, who tried us in English and French before we yielded to his persuasion and allowed him to guide us to the sleeping-car office, where we wished to secure berths for the next time on the Jerusalem train. We left the office with a thinned purse, but with a half-yard of document that insured a rest on some kind of train for Jerusalem.

Our guide led us to a near-by Jesuit church, where we were directed to

a respectable hotel, which we sought without delay. There we met fellow-travelers under the spell of a professional guide, who for a consideration would show all of us, on the morrow, everything worth seeing in or around Cairo. We decided to join the party and, much to his regret and ours, we dismissed, for good, our shabby companion.

Abdul was our friends' find—and he looked the part in his loose mustard-colored tunic and his picturesque turban. Abdul had a striking face, well bronzed, and his eyes were soft, with an *au'd lang syne* expression as he outlined his program and emphasized the small consideration. He was rather the volunteer instructor than the hired conductor.

We started out early with Abdul for Materialah and the ruins of Heliopolis. Why Materialah? Because every right-minded Christian wishes to visit a spot which tradition says was the resting-place of the Holy Family on its arrival in Egypt.

Materialah is less than six miles from Cairo and the simple shrine there is the more inspiring because it lacks exploitation. The spot is marked, a few paces in from the highway, by a wide-spreading sycamore tree, evidently very old, with its larger branches propped. This particular tree could hardly have sheltered the Holy Family, but it replaces one that could have done so, and it is still called the Virgin Tree, inviting many an earnest prayer. Nearby is a spring, once miraculous, according to tradition, where, as old Coptic books relate, our Blessed Lady often washed the clothes of the Divine Child.

Not far from this spring, a Church was built in very early times, that probably served as the cathedral for the bishop of Heliopolis in the fifth century. Today there are no remains of the ancient cathedral, and the property, I understand, belongs to the Khedive of Egypt. But a few hundred yards away, we found an attractive new church, built by the Jesuits and dedicated to the Holy Family. This church is very neatly kept, and its walls are lined with frescoes depicting the Flight into Egypt.

There was something very satisfying about that visit to Materialah, and it quite overshadowed, by its simple appeal to faith, the attraction of nearby Heliopolis.

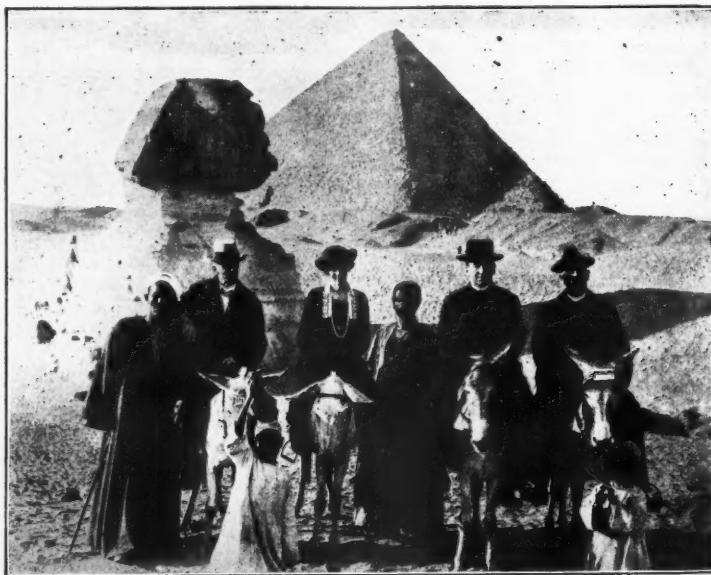
Heliopolis was one of the oldest cities in Egypt. Its people worshipped the sun, in a temple that is alluded to as a marvel. Eleven thousand priests, levites, and servers ministered in that temple, we were told, and we have no reason to doubt the figure; but all signs of past glory have vanished except an obelisk, which is said to be the most ancient in Egypt, and which bears the name of a ruler, Osertesene I, who lived twenty-seven hundred years before Christ.

The horse that carried us on that morning trip moved slowly and nearly coughed his head off on the way, but Abdul made no apologies. We learned later that we could have saved considerable time by taking a suburban train, not to mention a little Henry, to Materialah. We finished the morning excursion with a visit to the Museum, a fine structure, comparatively new and very well planned. Especially interesting were the royal mummies, found at Thebes, towards the end of the nineteenth century, which make

this Museum unique. Among these relics of old decency, we remarked the royal mummy of Rameses II, probably the oppressor of the Jews; also, that of his son, who reigned when God raised Moses to deliver the Children of Israel from their bondage in Egypt. Incidentally, we noticed that one of the several-thousand-year-old mummies had more hair on his head than some of our much-alive friends.

We had only a short afternoon in which to see a few of the mosques, the Pyramids, and the Sphinx, but an automobile enabled our little party to get around, and we lost no time mounting first to the citadel and the great mosque of Mehemet-Ali. From this height there is a splendid view of Cairo, with the palace of the Khedive, numberless minarets and domes, endless gray walls, hills topped with windmills, green plains through which the Nile winds gracefully, and, on the horizon, the superb Pyramids, with the desert beyond.

There are no fewer than four hundred mosques in the city, and at least fifty of these are remarkable for the richness of their decorations. Many are in ruins. We saw two only, and



Before we were aware of it, we had landed under the broken nose of the Sphinx.

the second was that of the Sultan Hassan, a most remarkable example of Byzantine-Arabic architecture. The entire floor surface of one of these mosques is covered with thick rich rugs, above which are hung gorgeous chandeliers; and it was not difficult to imagine the place filled with praying Mahometans, although, during our brief visit, we had it quite to ourselves.

Out to the Pyramids was not a long drive—less than half an hour after crossing the Nile at the Gizeh bridge. It was a level stretch and we were soon in full view of the three great Pyramids, the tombs of the ancient Pharaohs, Cheops, Chephren, and Mycerinus. They looked familiar enough, but, as we approached, we began to realize their great size.

We seemed to have driven almost to the base of the first Pyramid before alighting, but we soon found that a rough bit of road lay ahead, before we could pass the three Pyramids and reach the Sphinx. By this time we were surrounded by men and boys offering us donkeys or camels. We preferred walking to the experience of a camel-back performance (we are getting old), but we finally agreed to patronize the donkey boys, and I almost regretted this decision when, at one point, my little animal stumbled on a down-grade and all but unseated *yours truly*. A lady in the party seemed to have her troubles, too, but her lesser half went to the rescue. *Fr. Kay* rode securely, proud of his donkeymanship.

Preoccupied by those insignificant steeds, and importuned by the youngsters who ran alongside of us, trying to make us buy some old coins (as if we could reach into our pockets for new ones) we passed the Pyramids with hardly a square look at them, and before we were well aware of it we had landed under the broken nose of the Sphinx. By this time, however, we had regained our composure and what was left of our faculties of observation.

The Sphinx is not more than a thousand feet from the Cheops Pyramid. It is the most ancient piece of sculpture known—a colossal lion with



From this height there is a splendid view of Cairo, with the palace of the Khedive, numberless minarets, and domes.

the head of a man. From tip to tail it measures some one hundred and seventy-four feet. The ears are nearly five feet long, and the nose—or what is left of it—longer still, and all cut out of the living rock.

We did not attempt to explore any of the Pyramids. Few travelers do, although the Bedouins are always ready as guides. The Pyramid of Cheops, which we remarked especially, is fully five hundred feet high and any Chicago contractor who wished to reproduce it would have to reckon on about three million cubic yards of stone. The entrance to the sepulchre, hidden in its recesses, is some sixty feet above the ground. A corridor runs downward from this entrance to a subterranean chamber, from which an ascending gallery leads to the sepulchre of the queen, while another, wider and higher, leads to that of the king. This particular ruler never occupied his sarcophagus, as the workers revolted against him. These workers, according to Herodotus, were no fewer than one hundred thousand men, who toiled in relays, three months at a time, for thirty years, with cables and rolling pins dragging huge boulders by main force over the inclines.

The afternoon was waning as we returned from the Pyramids, across the Nile. We had seen much in a short time, and had glimpsed centuries; and we were content—glad of the opportunity that had been ours.

Shortly after six o'clock that Monday evening, we were taking dinner at leisure on a railway car bound for El Kantara, where we hoped to find another train and berths for Jerusalem.

A Jew who shared our compartment that evening proved friendly and helpful. He had lived for many years in Australia, where he had learned to speak English, but the call from Palestine was strong and, folding his tent, he had settled down near Jaffa to help his co-religionists re-establish themselves in the land of their forefathers.

One could hardly help sympathizing with this man, who was open and evidently sincere. Tears came to his eyes as he spoke of his own family trials, the wanderings of his people, and the impossibility of finding elsewhere a country for them. For him, the rebirth of a nation was on the horizon and an answer would soon be given to the prayers of long-suffering exiles. He admitted, however, that there were difficulties ahead, and that the cooperation of wealthy Jews, especially in America, was not what the promoters of the Palestine colony had expected. But he was hopeful that when these men would come to realize the great possibilities, they would be more generous.

It was the Jew's side we were getting, and it was interesting, but before we left Palestine we had a chance to listen to others who would have given to our companion a less sympathetic hearing than he had received from us.

ON THE BOOK-SHELF.

Copies of **OBSERVATIONS IN THE ORIENT**, a record of the Maryknoll Superior's trip to the Far East, are in steady demand and not a day passes without orders for this much-appreciated book. The price is \$2.50. Address: The Field Afar Office, Maryknoll, N. Y.

Notes.

HOW interesting it is to note that with the appearance of a new French Dominican publication in behalf of the foreign missions, *Les Missions Dominicaines*, a new German review devoted to the same purpose appeared at Dusseldorf, called *Der Apostel*. It will be the official organ of the German mission at Fokien, China.

The Paris Seminary now issues a monthly bulletin for circulation among its twelve hundred members scattered over Eastern Asia. The idea, to bring missionaries in touch with one another's movements and with the life of the center is excellent. The bulletin will strengthen the life of the great mission society of France.

To celebrate Mass on the high seas is a privilege which any priest may obtain under the usual conditions. To find for the Holy Sacrifice a proper and convenient place on the boat has been, often, more difficult. It is satisfying to learn that several of the great steamship companies are now providing suitable accommodations.

Teachers for Public Schools in the Philippine Islands have been asked for through the National Catholic Welfare Council, and we hope that many responded. This appeal should be met by those who are strongly Catholic in heart and practice. Their presence will prevent proselytizing, and will help to offset the combined influence of unreligious schools and indifferent parents.

We of Maryknoll are preparing to send to the mission field this coming fall more priests, a brother, and some sisters. There will be ten in all and for the travel expense and outfit of each, five hundred dollars will be required. Will YOU help to dispatch one?

A prominent Japanese Catholic—a convert—visited Maryknoll recently on his way to Europe. He had much to say that was of interest and edifying but nothing more impressive than the statement that he and his wife (also a convert) had determined to give to the Church the time and money which they would have expended on two little children, who had died shortly before their conversion.



THE VERY REV. G. ANDRÉ, S. S.
Superior of the Seminary at
Avignon, France.

A venerable Sulpician, the Very Rev. G. André, Superior of the Major Seminary at Avignon, France, recently celebrated his golden jubilee of priesthood. Fr. André spent several years in this country as a professor in turn at St. Mary's, Baltimore, and St. John's, Boston; and the souvenir of his anniversary is issued in loving remembrance of his former students at both seminaries.

To Fr. André the foreign mission spirit in the United States owes much, although his relationship with the movement is known to very few.

It was Fr. André who, meeting the late revered Cardinal Gibbons in France, strongly influenced His Eminence to bring about the diocesan organization, in

this country of the Propagation of the Faith. From that organization has sprung the American foreign missions.

To Fr. André also, the Superior of Maryknoll, as one of his students, feels especially indebted for a strong impetus to foreign mission interest.

Marked for private circulation comes a pamphlet from England's Foreign Mission Seminary of Mill Hill. It is Vol. I of a periodical designed to keep all Mill Hill priests at home and abroad informed "of the progress of the Society and of the doings of its members."

A capital idea—this, and one which the Paris Seminary and other congregations have adopted. Maryknollers are linked to one another at present by THE FIELD AFAR but, with multiplied mission stations and other works, it, too, must some day send out its *Special* for the Family.

Our Protestant friends from America are training their guns on Indo-China.

This is a country just south of China and under the domination of France, which, till recently, gave very little encouragement to Protestant propaganda. Catholics in the colony number 1,105,000, and many of these will now have an opportunity to see what a Protestant Bible looks like.

It is said of these Indo-Chinese that the married parson does not appeal to them, but if money that will erect hospitals and schools, and persistence count for much, another decade will see a sprinkling of meeting houses in Indo-China. How full they will be is another question.

Membership in the Catholic Foreign Mission Society may be secured for one year by the payment of fifty cents.

Associate members, living or dead, share in over one thousand Masses yearly, thousands of Communion remembrances, and the prayers, sacrifices, and labors of all engaged in this work.

Things Chinese.

THE following rather striking observations on Chinese affairs are culled from an article contributed to "The Hongkong Telegraph" by a visiting American newspaper man.

I have been traveling by donkey through northern China, getting a close-up view of the Chinese people, face to face as they now are with the most tragic situation in their history.

I have met with several surprises. One was the discovery that even in the less-tutored Chinese mind there is a growing, though as yet hazy, consciousness that China's fate, in some not-altogether-understood way, is to be determined by the "Foreigners." Another was the widespread feeling that America is "Number One" country among the lot and that at the crucial moment she will save China.

Fundamental ideas have a way of spreading over this vast nation of 400,000,000 people and, slowly but surely, making their way through all but the dullest skulls. Among these ideas is the one that America has always given Chinese a square deal and may be depended upon to be on the side of right when greedy powers get together.

Americans whose business takes them into the interior invariably speak of the rebound this feeling has on them, once their nationality becomes known. Though well treated as a rule, foreigners generally are not liked. But towards Americans there is something a little special in their attitude.

On the way to Peitaiho I met an American, Mr. John Earl Baker, who has been in China many years, speaks Chinese, and is adviser to the Chinese Railway Administration.

"It is a great mistake," he told me as we swapped experiences, "to believe there is no public sentiment in China. My work has kept me in close touch with the rank and file of Chinese for years, and, believe me when I tell you, there is as much public opinion among the people in the country as there was in the United States, say, in the '70's."

"Foreigners in the treaty ports will deny this, but it is true. The average Chinese is intelligent, industrious and resourceful. All that China needs is a fair chance."

"I have no sympathy with this treaty port conversation about the Chinese being hopelessly backward. They are not. The progress China has made in the last decade is astounding, considering the handicaps she has been under. Railway traffic has doubled in the past eight years and in a country like this that is a pretty good barometer."

Père Robert.



WE are expecting a visit from Père Robert. And who is Père Robert? He so dreads publicity that we hesitate to say, but we believe that he is one of the best known and most highly respected members of the white family in the Far East.

Père Robert (Léon) was born in France about fifty-six years ago, and, after his ordination to the priesthood in 1888 at the Paris Seminary for Foreign Missions, he left for Hongkong, where he was assigned to assist the procurator of the Society. Three years later he was placed in charge of the Society's Procure at Shanghai, and in 1909 became Procurator-General. He is also First-Assistent-General of his Society.

In 1919 the Chinese Government awarded Père Robert the decoration known as "the golden ear of grain of the Chinese Republic," third class. On October 15, 1921, he was made a knight of the Legion of Honor by order of the President of France.

Père Robert knows China and we regret that, in his passage through America, he will have little or no opportunity to give out the treasure of information that he so modestly carries.

ANNUITY ADVANTAGES

A Maryknoll Annuity will enable you to administer your own estate; will give you an uninterrupted income while you live; will relieve you from worries and the dangers of investment; will avoid present tax and will eliminate inheritance tax later on.

From Our Shepherd.

"After three centuries we commemorate millions of confessors who gave their lives to the missions and thousands of martyrs who died for the faith; numerous nuns who have helped missionaries, and millions of souls saved from error and barbarity. Let us, therefore, thank God. If much has been done, there is still much to do. There are entire populations as dense as those of Africa, India, and China, to be brought into the fold. Very often funds are wanting, and missionaries are obliged to suspend their work, others replacing them and reaping where they have not sown. This thought occupied Pope Benedict XV, who intended to appear in the Vatican Basilica today to make an appeal to the whole world."

"In the name of Benedict, I recommend that missions continue as the responsibility of all, lest even a single soul be lost, owing to failure of any one to give help. Aid to missions is an obligation upon those enjoying the benefits of faith and grace, and who feel it their duty to procure for others the same benefits."—Pope Plus XI.

To Brother Alexis, Superior of the Franciscan Monastery in Bellary, South India, we owe this gracious tribute to American mission activities.

What would have become of the missions had not the Americans valiantly and generously stepped into the huge gap caused by that awful War? We have come to look upon America as the place for Big Things, and we are having proofs that this applies to Catholic activities there.

Hearty congratulations to your FIELD AFAR and the JUNIOR! I see the little fellow is robust and active already, and though fat for his age is not sleepy like the Fat Boy of the Pickwick Papers. There is nothing sleepy about any person, place, or thing connected with any of the Maryknolls. Your FIELD AFAR, too has put on more flesh these days. God bless and prosper all your undertakings!

Let me express a wish, Father, that some day in the near future you will change the title into FIELDS AFAR. Just now you are concentrating on China, and you are right; we don't grudge it, either, for souls are souls, though the skin be brown or yellow. But seeing the large number of very rich Protestant mission agencies in India, one cannot but wish that there were some American Catholic bodies working as vigorously in this country.



I WALKED three hours to "Water-Mouth" and three hours back on a sickcall, my first here. "Old Daddy," as this Christian is called, is ill, and I fear he will die in spite of the medicine I brought him.

This day deserves to be marked with an asterisk, for it saw the actual beginning of the industrial feature in our school. One of the catechumens who is here learning the doctrine is an expert basket-maker by trade and has agreed, for a small monthly wage, to teach the boys. For the time being we have limited the class to the children who were in school last year or whose parents have been Christians for some time; and this with the idea of stimulating the new children and their parents to make serious efforts to learn the doctrine. This feature ought to develop into a great boon for the Christians, who are very poor and cannot find sufficient fields to support their large families.

The school has doubled its former enrollment; so new benches were installed today. These were made on the premises, by local carpenters, and came to about one dollar apiece, American. Twelve of them were made and each seats three boys. These with the old desks will prove ample for the year; at least, we hope so.

My teacher, whose family name is

Ng, went back to Canton today. He has been ailing ever since he came to the "country" and the reason he gives is the one that one hundred out of every one hundred Chinese would give, namely: "The water here is not suitable." Though they never drink the water except in tea, they blame all sorts of diseases on it, and it is fruitless to argue with them. It's a national prejudice that has simply to be borne with. Personally, I believe that the unsanitary condition of their clothing and their surroundings is the cause of nearly all their ailments. The majority of the Chinese could sleep in a stable without experiencing the least inconvenience or discomfort of any kind, least of all to their nostrils. They can sleep with mosquitoes or fleas biting them, flies walking over them, and in the midst of a musical racket or lively conversation. The only thing that is noticeably disagreeable to them is a cool wind or a temperature below 60 degrees, at least, here in the South.

It was certainly a blow to lose my old "prof" just when I was finding a little leisure time to use him. He is of old Christian stock and has the Catholic instinct. He is well up in Chinese characters and would be an ideal man to help in the preparation of Catholic books and pamphlets as he enjoys a fair knowledge of English and French.

"Old Daddy" died last evening. He was our most influential Christian and a kindly old soul; so we feel his loss. As I have had no experience in burying people in China, I entrusted arrangements and preparations to Joe, the head boy, with the caution that he should see that nothing superstitious took place in connection with the funeral. He advised getting as many people as possible to attend so as to make a good Christian showing. Consequently, half a dozen men and half the school-boys went down. A heavy shower prevented their setting out at the appointed time, but fortunately a raft passed on its way down the river and after a little preliminary bargaining and an ultimatum the "lord of the raft" agreed to take the crowd the four to five hour trip for one dollar and forty cents, Cantonese. This is really cheap transit, though not as rapid as the subway.

This evening, when the Tungchan mission was shrouded in darkness and peace, a shrill "Die Shan Fu" pierced the stillness and sent a momentary shudder through my frame. Who should be calling me at that hour of the night, when none but brigands



THE TUNGCHAN INCUMBENT WITH ONE OF HIS LAMBS—OR IS IT A GOAT?

There is a run on the spiritual bank at Tungchan and Fr. Dietz cannot meet it for lack of something that you perhaps can provide. We shall gladly forward to him or to any of our missionaries your evidence of good will.

venture abroad? A flash-light revealed the iodined beard of Fr. Sweeney. He had come all the way from Kochow in one day and consequently arrived rather late. Handshakes and welcomes were in order, not unmixed with spontaneous laughter at the sight of the appendage. A few moments sufficed to put him on the outside of a lunch and thus dispel the chill of his day on horse-back in the rain. A-wing, our little house-boy, almost broke his neck as he bent in two to salute our lofty guest and tried to look up at him at the same time. It is unnecessary to add that the next few days were extremely pleasant ones for the incumbents of Tungchan, and Fr. Meehan and Fr. Sweeney, as officers of the "Curates' Club," had a great time laying plans and decorating schemes for this "dangerous" organization. "We veterans," it is hinted, are to be relegated to some barren isle in the Pacific to spend the remaining years of our senility out of harm's way.

"Old Daddy's" funeral today. I went down to "Rivermouth" last evening and found the school-boys at prayer near the corpse. This is an edifying feature of Chinese funerals. The Christians present take turns at prayer so as to have some one praying all the time. In this case the vigil lasted three days. A great number of pagan relatives and friends were present also, for whose benefit one of the catechists delivered two excellent sermons. The little chapel was crowded for the Mass and absolution. Then the funeral procession wound its way up the hills to where the grave was prepared, the Christians praying meanwhile. May the time come when Catholic funerals are the rule and not the rare exception in this district!

Fr. Sweeney started home to Loting this morning. He began with a twenty-five mile hike over mountains, a two days' trip in one, and will be foot-sore when the sun goes down.

Every day brings visitors of the "idle" class, who like to stroll about the grounds and admire the various flowers sown by the diligent hands of



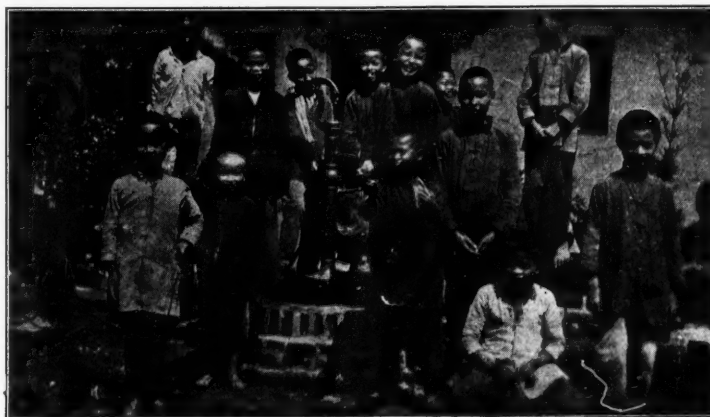
There were many enthusiastic spectators while the pastor gave his first lesson in expert lawn trimming.

Fr. Meyer. His predecessor also had a heart for flowers, for the trees in the lawn are in bloom a great part of the time. One day as I was going over to say Mass, about 6 o'clock, I unexpectedly came across two young idlers strolling around. It was too early in the day to suit me, and my suspicion that they were waiting for us all to get into the chapel and see what they could pick up seemed substantiated by their frightened appearance when I spoke to them. So I sent them home with the invitation to come later in the day the next time. Perhaps they will make it "very late."

The two teachers from the Protestant school in town came to pay their respects. One of them showed me

a letter from the Presbyterian Seminary in Canton which stated that he had studied there a year and a half and had completed the course. At that he had considerably more preparation than most of our catechists although they, as a rule, have had practical Christian training at home. Thanks to our new Catechist School which Fr. Meyer has opened for Maryknoll missions, we can hope, in a few years, to have a body of men who will be fit representatives of the Universal Church. I gave my Protestant visitors several Chinese books treating of the differences between Catholic doctrine and Protestant and they went off with many bows.

A big day all around, perhaps be-



He worked the pump handle a little and laughed.

cause it is my name-day. For the past two weeks I have been trying to establish a little "system" down at the women's catechuminate. There are over a dozen women there with about as many infants and children. With much trouble I arranged a schedule for them, consulting them at length about it, and trying to impress the need of regularity, for everything has been topsy-turvy. The school teacher wrote down the result in black and white and posted it up in their quarters, but little good that will do, for they cannot read.

The next few days I dropped in occasionally and unexpectedly to see how the "regularity" was working. Once a little girl saw me coming; so she hastily ran and told of my approach. I could see some of them make for the classroom and when I arrived they were all so busy studying at the top of their voices that they failed at first to notice my coming! And this at a time I had set down for free-time on the schedule! They hadn't caught the idea at all. So I tried with much patience to explain the schedule again. Then things went better, although occasionally there would be some one hanging up wash or sewing during the study period. I had made the schedule very easy for them, cutting down their nominal study a good deal so I could hold them to it. To stimulate their study, I told them I would examine them every Sunday.

Today was the first session of that kind and it was a classic. I almost despaired of getting them to answer a question, each in turn. One answered for them all and the old lady catechist seemed quite willing to have it so, to save her face, for I don't think she has been doing much teaching in any real sense of the term. I told them next week each would be called on in turn. At the end of the session there was a pretty scene, in which the old catechist and one of her pupils pleaded their mutual grievances before the pastor. Not being able to get a word in edgewise, I waited for their rapid fire to abate, being glad to have the thing thrashed out in public and



The rest of the day there was a perpetual contest between Paul and the whole crowd of school boys as to who would manipulate the pump handle.

let both ease their hearts. Then the "pastor" enunciated, as well as his Chinese permitted, certain general principles, being careful not to take sides, for he felt both were in the wrong, and then the bell conveniently announced his dinner. Every missionary should have in his library a volume entitled: "The Consolations of Philosophy." Today a start was also made in teaching singing with a view to having Benediction on Sundays. The nature of this experiment will be mentioned later.

The unusual is always happening. Paul, the cook, turned out a loaf of bread today which was simply perfect from all the points of view of a connoisseur. For fear he would forget how to make it so well in the future, I complimented him and presented him with a prayer-book inscribed—"To

Paul—in appreciation of his culinary achievements." The chances are that Paul will go down to his grave without knowing the import of those words for they are written in English, but that is after all an insignificant matter so long as he remembers the magic formula for the bread.

The pump is up! It has been lying around for several months waiting for some missing parts. Finally the parts came and were put together. The masons finished the foundation yesterday.

Early this morning, without being invited to exert himself—which is the usual necessary procedure—Paul, the wonderful cook, lugged the heavy pump to the scene of its future utility. He worked the pump handle a little and laughed. While the joints were given a final tightening, he laughed.



For the past two weeks I have been trying to establish a little "system" down at the women's catechuminate.

When the pump was lowered in place, he laughed. And when the first water issued from the apparatus, he laughed lots more, long and loud. In his first effervescence of spirits, he nearly pumped the well dry.

The rest of the day there was a perpetual contest between Paul and the whole crowd of school boys as to who would manipulate the pump handle.

Fr. Meehan sustained a hair cut, but will survive. So also did the lawn. It was the first time this season that the lawn-mower was in operation and there were many enthusiastic spectators while the pastor gave his first lesson in expert lawn trimming. One man came running with his baby to give the youngster his first glimpse of the marvelous civilization of the West and incidentally keep him quiet that long, I suppose. "It shaves the grass," I heard one boy remark. One of the men tried his hand, but it remained for the versatile Paul to show the world how to do it, in the end.

The white ants are rude creatures, or else I exasperated them. Yesterday, I removed the organ to one of the lower rooms so it would be handier for practice. Today some of the keys stuck. On examination of the interior the white ants were discovered having a banquet. Perhaps they like music with their meals, but it seems more likely they were trying to prevent my rhapsodies, for we found them wedged under the felt hammers. It was adding insult to injury; so they were summarily banished and bricks were placed under the four corners of the instrument. But such was their detestation of my music that even bricks could not hold them back. I "saved my face" by removing the organ to a safer spot.

The Maryknoll priests in China hope soon to find a site for a central house where they can meet regularly for retreats and councils. This house will also be used during the year for several purposes, not the least of which will be the care of disabled missionaries.

Can you be interested enough in this necessary provision to send "something" towards its realization?

Father Hodgins.

(The Superior of our Mission has sent the following official report on the last illness, death, and burial of our beloved confrere, who recently passed away in China.)

FATHER HODGINS had been living alone in his mission at Chiklung during February and March. On April 6, Frs. Ford and Taggart were surprised to see him arrive at Yeungkong. He came in a chair, as usual, but rushing to greet Father Hodgins, they found him so sick that he had to be helped into the house. He said that he had not been feeling well since the first of the month, and not getting better, had decided to visit his confreres. It was a wise decision. His confreres saw that he was a pretty sick man, and urged that he start at once for Hongkong, where he could receive expert care. Father Hodgins agreed to this, and Fr. Vogel was actually making arrangements for the journey, when the Presbyterian Mission doctor, who had been called in, put in his veto. Father Hodgins had pneumonia, he said, and could not stand the trip. It was too late to move him,—not only to Hongkong, but even to the Presbyterian Hospital, only a half mile away. The doctor was right. He had pneumonia in full tide, and the only thing feasible was to treat him as best they could where he was.

They settled down to fight the pneumonia. Frs. Ford and Taggart divided up the nursing, and also trained a Chinese boy, Joseph Chan, to relieve them occasionally. This boy's devotion to Father Hodgins through his long sickness was very unusual. The mission doctors—there were three alternately, as it happened—were constant in attendance and exerted themselves to give all possible medical aid.

On Holy Thursday, April 13, the pneumonia was at its height. Father Hodgins asked for the Last Sacraments. Fr. Taggart ad-

ministered them, and wired Hongkong advising that his condition was critical. The religious houses of Hongkong, which are numerous, offered special prayers. Then it appeared that the pneumonia had no crisis; his fever went down by lysis, and Fr. Taggart wired that immediate danger was over.

Things dragged along, and at the end of April, Father Hodgins was apparently no better and no worse. At this juncture, it was decided that his best chance now lay in going to Hongkong, the doctors saying he could stand the trip, provided a boat with decent accommodations was secured instead of the usual Chinese junk. Consequently, on the advice of the Yeungkong doctors and also others in Hongkong, we took steps to bring Father Hodgins to Hongkong. The Standard Oil Company of New York kindly gave one of its big launches and its crew for that purpose, and we made quick time. Our patient was delighted at the prospect of going to a real hospital. Twenty-four hours after we put him on the boat at Yeungkong we landed him in bed at St. Paul's Hospital, Causeway Bay, Hongkong. He stood the trip splendidly, though, indeed, there was not much to stand, for the *Star of the Sea* made the water as smooth as a millpond the whole way along a normally rough coast.

Hope revived. The doctor and the sisters, however, were not op-

For Missioner Readers.

To a full dozen of our European confreres now in Eastern Asia we wish to say that, if the supply of American Mass intentions has fallen off, it can hardly be laid to the door of the American Board of Catholic Missions, which has not even begun to function. It is doubtless a reaction from the abundance of such help received when our soldiers were trying to save Europe while their parents in the home-land were worrying.



FATHER HODGINS' CHAPEL.

Where he made many mementos for family, friends, and benefactors.

timistic, for they found at once that Father Hodgins had typhoid with the pneumonia. "One chance out of ten," said the doctor. A fighting chance was enough to set everybody besieging Heaven. This was about May 10. Frs. Ford and Taggart had come up with Father Hodgins, and in addition Frs. Cairns, Vogel and Donovan were in Hongkong; so there were plenty of Maryknollers about. We visited Father Hodgins every day. He was always the same—always his cheerful, composed self—but always—no better. So ten days went by. Several of the Maryknoll Sisters visited him. Bishop Gauthier arrived and dropped in to cheer him up. Bishop Pozzoni and his clergy called often. Father "Tony" was glad to see everybody, and let no one go away without a kind word.

Finally on Saturday, May 20, he took a bad turn. "We hoped till now," said the doctor. Yet Father Hodgins was as usual—philosophical. He had been prepared for death five times before in this sickness; now he was prepared again. Asked if he had anything special to say, he replied

characteristically that he thanked everybody for the trouble they had taken.

From Saturday on, a priest was with him night and day. Fr. Vogel stayed Saturday night, but then and on Sunday there was no change. Doctor Vadon said he might hold out the week, and I wired those of our missionaries who were not too far away. About this time Fr. Wiseman arrived, and took a place at the sick bed. Monday night while Fr. Taggart was staying up, Father Hodgins took a very bad turn. Fr. Taggart prepared him for death a final time, and from then on he was apparently unconscious. The doctor said, however, it was quite probable that he could hear and understand though he could



FATHER HODGINS' HOME.

A substantial though unfinished structure which the builder lived to develop.



FATHER HODGINS' CATECHIST.

A gentleman—as we may see by the length of his finger nails—and an efficient instructor.

make no sign; so from time to time we repeated ejaculations and gave absolutions.

Tuesday night, May 23, Fr. Taggart and I were staying at the hospital. At 10:30, we went out for a breathing spell, leaving at his bedside Sister Therese, his nurse, who throughout his illness had shown wonderful tenderness and devotion. We had hardly left the room when she sent a hurry call for us. It was the end; a few last prayers, a hurried absolution, and, after almost two months of struggle and suffering, Father Hodgins breathed out his soul peacefully and quietly. He died at 10:45 P. M., Tuesday, May 23.

The funeral was held the next day from the cathedral, because by law this cannot be delayed more than twenty-four hours. We had a Solemn Requiem Mass, *praesenti corpore*. Bishop Pozzoni gave the absolution, both in the cathedral and at the grave. The Mass was said at 12 M., and at 2 P. M. the interment took place at Happy Valley Cemetery, where, in the presence of almost all the clergy and religious of

Hongkong, our missionary was laid beside Father Price.

All our missions were immediately wired. Frs. O'Shea, Murray, and Sweeney responded in person, but unfortunately were too late even for the funeral. Maryknoll was cabled and cabled back sympathy. Miss Ford of Brooklyn, Fr. Hodgkin's cousin, was also cabled. Such is the story in brief of our missionary's illness and death.

Your servant in Christ,
J. F. Walsh.

To New Friends.

You can get the story of Maryknoll to date, in a very attractive pamphlet entitled **MARYKNOLL-AT-TEN**, written by Fr. Kress, our director on the Pacific Coast. Send twenty cents for a copy. The present edition will not be renewed.

Hands Across the Sea.

Extracts from letters written, by Maryknoll Missioners, to their Superior at his home-coming.

I am sorry indeed that you could not have seen Tungchan while you were over here. The place is pregnant with possibilities, probabilities, to be more exact. If I had the money to establish a catechumenate and furnish rice free for a year to individuals wishing to study the doctrine, I could have hundreds of them. This would not be "buying" them by any means, for they are so poor that one simply has to help them if one wants to give them an opportunity to study. They could be taught trades during that year also, and this feature aside from helping the Christians a great deal would also attract numerous other souls.

At present all these channels of conversions remain mostly "possibilities" because funds are not forthcoming in sufficient quantities. Not that it would take a horde of gold. Fifteen to twenty dollars gold a day would enable one to work wonders. It seems easy and feasible and in a very direct line to the aid of that for which we are here, conversions and a native clergy. I feel convinced that if it could be brought home to the people how far even a little American money

goes over here, they would be eager to help more. I think anyone who knows conditions in China would not hesitate to affirm that, aside from the miraculous, results in China will be directly proportional to the money expended; and the opposite also is true, the less money the fewer conversions. It seems harsh to put it that way, but isn't it true? It doesn't discount the work of Divine Grace in the least, for it simply implies that it takes certain means that require an expenditure of money to bring the priest, who is God's minister of Grace, into contact with those for whom the Grace is intended. I don't know just why my fancy leads me to write in this strain, for doubtless you know the value of money far better than I; perhaps it is to ease my heart a bit by getting it said.

Here at Tungchan I have my hands full. I wish I had Bro. John to take care of the medical work. Brothers with a knowledge of medicine would be a great help. Fr. Meyer and I have often talked that over. I am kept busy from one to three hours every day administering what medical aid I can and my reputation is fast growing. However, as it is, I manage to find a little time most days to keep up the study of the language in which I am far from proficient.

I wish to apologize to all the Maryknollers for not acknowledging their latest kindness. For the past two months I have been trying to find time to write them an "encyclical letter" that would be worth while, and thus, by hoping to do too much, I have done nothing at all. Doubtless, however, they all realize that a missionary is pretty much occupied during his first year of actual work, especially in a developed mission like Tungchan.

Hoping that these lines find you in the best of health and with kindest regards to all the Maryknollers, I remain, dear Fr. Superior,

Your affectionate son in Christ,
Frederick Dietz.

By this time I suppose you are beginning to recognize the old homestead again. I can imagine how happy everybody, including yourself, was upon your return.

I wish I could find as much pleasure

The FIELD AFAR STORIES make excellent reading matter. They are well-selected and the attention of the reader is held from start to finish. The spiritual inspiration and knowledge derived from the reading of these Stories will furnish an ample recompense to every reader. With every good wish and a prayer that the good seed may be scattered over every field, near as well as afar.

—Rev. A. J. Scanlon, D. D., Censor of Books.

Price: one dollar, postpaid.
Maryknoll, N. Y.

as profit in the pursuit of toneful Cantonese. After these months of shouting I find that I speak it like a native —of Martinsburg. Still it is not so bad. I can believe there are worse languages to learn. I have a good tutor, Maurus Five. He is learning a few "Englishes," but, I think, I know more Chinese than he does Englishes. In "Classic" Latin, however, we find common ground, and with its help, and lots of expressive gesticulations, we generally understand each other. Then the Catechist, Yip, has the idea that I am quite proficient in French, so he and I discourse in that tongue.

My teacher is a nice young fellow and very attentive to me, reminding me when I should not have said the Credo, and asking if I did not want the barber to come up. All in all, it's a great life, and I think I shall settle down and stay awhile.

I lived in Tungchan until late in January when Fr. Meyer and I came down here and dispossessed Fr. O'Shea. I like Kochow as well as I did Tungchan, and I was quite happy there.

My ordination cincture is already too tight, and I have such promise of a beard, that I am trying to decide which style of drapery to cultivate. So what more could I want—unless it be infusion of Cantonese?

My best wishes and prayers for the success and progress of all at Maryknoll; my greetings to the Fathers,

Sincerely yours in Christ,
Adolph Paschang.

A FOUNDER OF MARYKNOLL is one who gives at least five thousand dollars.

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TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD

THE man who sacrifices rarely
reaps the fruit of his en-
deavor. Others who come after
will be the harvesters. President
Lincoln emphasized the need of
vigorous action after sacrifice—
“that these dead,” he said at
Gettysburg, “shall not have died
in vain.” The resolution ought
to be taken with respect to mis-
sionary work for the Kingdom of
God.

* *

THE CLERICAL UNION
FOR MISSIONS that met
at Rome in June brought dele-
gates from Spain, Austria, Latin-
America, Portugal, Italy, France,
England, Holland, Switzerland,
Belgium and Poland.

The United States was repre-
sented although the Union has
not yet struck its roots into this
country. It is, however, a strong
feature in the program outlined
by the American Board of Catho-
lic Missions, which, it is hoped
will yet function and to the ad-
vantage of all missions.

Open your classroom this year to
the mission spirit and watch the
result.

THE Catholic Church is always
growing, reaching out from
the snow waste lands of the Es-
kimo to the sand wastes of the
African—even to the uttermost
parts of the earth.

Isaias predicted that it would
be so; he foretold the day when
men from all nations would come
and sit down in the Kingdom of
God. Christ died that it might
be so. The history of the Church
could not be written without her
missionary apostles and martyrs.

And we, in this country, today,
are we doing our share to give to
others the blessings of faith, the
knowledge and love of Christ
through participation in His Sac-
raments?

* *

WE have an important mission
problem that can be solved
without hardship on any one.
Our exiles are satisfied with their
food and clothing. They are ac-
climatizing themselves and learn-
ing to be all things to all, that
they may gain all to Christ; but
they lament the threatened loss
of opportunities to gather fine
harvests. They find themselves
short of the wherewithal to pay
for extra catechists, to educate
“likely youngsters” and to de-
velop other works at their hand.

A simple solution of the prob-
lem can be found in the idea of
a parish or a church society stand-
ing sponsor for one mission or,
at least, for one work connected
with a mission—for instance a
catechist's support.

This is not a new idea and a
few priests have already taken it
up to our great joy.

* *

If you have no boy of your own
to give to the service of God as an
officer in the army of Jesus Christ,
why not adopt one of our selection
and pay his way through his course
of studies, at least as long as you
can afford to do so?

The amount asked is two hundred
and fifty dollars a year for board
and tuition; or, if personal expenses
are included, three hundred dollars.

A RECENT editorial on the
need of a Seminary for needy
missions in the homeland and in
our island possessions brought
speedy Amens from Bishops in
the Philippines and Porto Rico.
In a letter received lately from
Porto Rico, Bishop Caruana
writes:

“At present I am obliged to run the
diocese with very little assistance.
Priests are dying, leaving for Spain,
or retiring because of old age, and we
have no substitutes. Most of the
priests have two or three villages to
take care of. One man has a popu-
lation of fifty thousand in his parish.
I need not add that he can take care
of only very few of them. The Semi-
nary gives very few vocations, and it
is not much of an institution because,
for lack of personnel, it is short of
teachers. The Rector is the only dio-
cesan priest in it; he teaches all
classes and all subjects, getting just
a little help from a Carmelite Father.
May your desire, therefore, be some
day realized, and none would be
happier than the Bishop of Porto Rico.

* *

POULTNEY BIGELOW,
M.A., F.R.G.S., has been
writing for *Japan*, an attractive
magazine published monthly in
this country.

We learn incidentally from
Poultney Bigelow that “nearly
every adjunct of the modern
Roman priest—from his vest-
ments to the rosary, crosier, etc.
—were borrowed from Japan,
China or India many years before
the first pope laid claim to earthly
rule.” Mr. Bigelow also remarks
that “Buddhism practices all the
forms which are now current
amid the churches of Rome, but
she differs from Rome in that she
is in each country loyal to the
government and tolerant of other
creeds.”

Catholics will smile as they
read these lines, but men who
write such are taken seriously,
and the wrong impressions they
give are but slowly deleted.

We recall how, some years ago,
Peter Parley's *Universal History*,
a bigoted and now discredited

Interest your pupils in missions
and your own labor will be visibly
blessed.

volume, was used in Japan as a text book. There are Japanese today who were fed on Peter Parley and who exhibit towards Catholics the traits that recall the anti-Catholic of our own country.

✱ ✱

THREE thousand one hundred and thirty-five (3,135) priests are on THE FIELD AFAR subscription list. Every one of these is a reader, many are benefactors, and a goodly number are "boosters" for Maryknoll.

We are fortunate in such friends because each priest stands for, at least, a thousand Catholics in his sphere of influence, while some stand for tens of thousands.

We never tire of saying that Maryknoll has been pushed from the beginning and is still largely sustained by the priests of America.

We are too (properly) proud of this fact to keep it back, and we see in it the source of our strength now and for the future.

On our side, we have tried to win the confidence and precious good will of priests by not encouraging methods that would conflict with their own activities. We have urged our workers to be guided by their home priests, and in seeking to enlarge our circle of readers we have done so only in cooperation with the pastors of the flocks that, as a national enterprise with a world-wide mission, we desired to reach.

We rejoice, then, in the fact that we have more than three thousand priests as subscribers—and this might mean six thousand priest readers—but we shall not be satisfied until every American priest is a reader of THE FIELD AFAR. So please say a good word for us to your clerical friend and if the moment be propitious, take a dollar from him with his name and address.

There is less to fear from yellow races than from yellow journals.

OCCASIONALLY we meet a friend, who watches our benefactions closely and concludes that Maryknoll must be getting well off. Perhaps you have that idea—in which event, we are anxious to set you right. Here are a few figures. Maryknoll comprises a family of three hundred and fifty people. Allow only a dollar a day for the support of each, and you will find that it costs considerably over one hundred thousand dollars a year to keep the family alive.

This family of three hundred and fifty people is made up of workers (there is not a drone in the hive) and their labors are consecrated to the extension of the Kingdom of Christ. Of the three hundred and fifty—some one hundred and sixty are students, and, between burse interest and some tuition payments (at the Preparatory College), nearly one hundred of these students are provided for in greater part.

But land has been required, with houses, cattle, travel funds, and a list of other requisites that would frighten you if we made it out and cause you to ask yourself, "What can my mite do?"

"Is Maryknoll in debt then?" you ask. It certainly is and expects to be for a long time to come, and its debt runs into six figures on the left of the decimal point. But your mite is keeping up our credit, as it is, with God's grace, sustaining our courage.

And when you get into a position to send us more than your mite, we hope that you will not fail to note that Maryknoll is big, and must do big things in a big way for Christ.

✱ ✱

FOR centuries now in China popular life has been separated from efficient government control. The Manchu foreign rule alienated the people, and the Chinese, not strong enough to expel their masters, were spirited enough to

disregard them, until disregard of government became a habit, and political patriotism was dead.

For this reason political wars have had little effect upon the people. They have no part in them; they take no interest in them. The Chinese have habituated themselves to assigning political power to "outsiders," even though not foreign.

The present civil war, then, unless it affords opportunity for the rise of a leader who knows how to stir up and operate a political conscience in the people, will serve only to aggravate China's unhappy condition.

What China needs is a constructive political organizer—and at the present time it is not likely that China herself will produce him.

✱ ✱

LOOSEN THE BONDS.

Many of our friends bought bonds or war-saving stamps in the war-days now so happily past. Back of the purchase was the spirit of patriotism rather than a desire to save and get rich; and a goodly number of these Government certificates passed from the hands of our friends into the strong box at Maryknoll—the spirit of patriotism rising to that of propaganda for Christ.

Dividends were returned regularly to some of our benefactors while others took their dividends simply in the happiness of giving and the satisfaction of being attached to the world-wide apostolate. The bonds have come to the normal value and, at a crucial period in our development, have solved difficulties for us and enabled us to continue our necessary building enterprises.

As gifts, these very desirable Government securities come rarely now, although our need is yet pressing, and they are *even more welcome than ever*. So, consecrate to God that act of patriotism.

You a missionary priest or nun? Never! Why not? Think it over.

The Medical Page

THE Catholic Hospital Association of the United States and Canada met in conference at the Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C., June 20 to 23 inclusive. This organization represents the medical thought of Catholics of this continent. During the seven years of its existence, this society has shown, not only rapid growth in members, but a clearness of vision and a temperate wisdom, calculated to make it the leader of the Catholic medical activities of this country.

Realizing that Catholic medical mission work must, by its very nature, be mothered by the established Catholic hospital, the Medical Mission Department of Maryknoll, has, since the inception of the Catholic Hospital Association, hoped that this organization might turn a favorable eye upon the medical needs of the foreign missions; but owing to the exigencies of development and establishment, the Catholic Hospital Association has until now found itself unable to undertake the new venture of medical missions.

AT WASHINGTON, D. C.

On the evening of June 24, however, an informal conference called by Mr. Floyd Keeler of Natal South America, was held at McMahon Hall, Catholic University. Through the untiring activity of Mr. Floyd Keeler, some fifty religious, interested in mission work, including hospital sisters, were present. South Africa, India, Arizona, the Middle West and the Atlantic sea-board were represented by distinguished speakers. The discussion revolved about the matter of financial support and the seeking of medical mission personnel. After the discussion was well under way, Paluel M. Flagg, M. D., the representative from Maryknoll, announced that he had proposals of a radical nature to make. Dr.

Flagg viewed the failures of the past, pointed out the similarity of diseases at home and in the missions, advocated propaganda among young medical students and internes, who should be encouraged to take up medical mission work, as a short post-graduate service. He placed the medical mission activities upon the broad shoulders of the Catholic hospital as a duty and as an integral part of its divine activity. Finally, he insisted that to be successful such a movement must be incorporated in the activities of the Catholic Hospital Association. Subsequently speakers freely admitted these conclusions and granted the great desirability of the Hospital Foreign Mission Unit.

CONVENTION HOPES.

It was decided that, since the conference was informal, no resolutions or motions should be adopted, and that the meeting should not go on record. The following morning according to a set program for the convention meeting, a paper on *Hospitals As A Missionary Agency* was presented by Mr. Floyd Keeler. Following this, a paper on *The Catholic Lay Medical Apostolate Of The Foreign Missions*, was presented by Dr. Flagg. The last speaker pleaded for the formation of a committee on medical mission work and concluded his scheme of organization assuming the functioning of such a committee. At the end of this paper a motion was made that the president appoint a committee of seven to confer with the heads of missionary societies in this country concerning medical mission work at home and abroad. The motion was seconded; an objection was raised against the method, not the intent of the motion, it being objected that there were already too many committees. The objection was overruled by the president. A motion was put to a vote and passed by a large majority. Such, in brief, is a

history of what will in the future be called the birth of Catholic Medical Mission Work in America.

May the Spirit of the Most High fill this new movement with wisdom and zeal!

ODD NOTES.

Dr. Albert Schweitzer, a medical missionary in the colony of Gaboon, Africa, writes that the minimum of medical skill mitigates a maximum of human suffering. He is of opinion that any missionary, with the simplest remedies, can in a single year free from the power of death hundreds of men who must otherwise succumb to their fate in despair.

From Germany comes the welcome news of a society founded to promote medical missions. Its headquarters will be at Wurzburg in Bavaria, and it will be conducted conjointly with one of the largest hospitals of the city, where a definite course of lectures on medical needs in mission countries is already in progress. Thirty sisters attended the first course and provisions are being made to extend the benefits of this training to priests and brothers.

The Offices of the Maryknoll Procure and Medical Mission are at 410 East 57th St., New York.

It is not unheard of that WILLS go by default occasionally. Some good man in Ohio, for example, will draw up a will and include among his beneficiaries the CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY of AMERICA, Incorporated, and we might never learn of the existence of the will. Furthermore, with no interested person to push our claim, we might never see the intended gift.

We suggest, therefore, that testators notify us if we happen to be among their fortunate beneficiaries.



MARYKNOLL

Maryknoll has more than once been referred to as a miracle, and certainly to those of us who have followed closely the stages of its development God's hand has been clearly visible. Keen business men have often remarked their inability to account for the progress of a movement that calls for the service of young men and young women whose ambitions are so opposed to what the world applauds.

Happily, those who are Christians draw the simple conclusion that a supernatural agency has been and is at work. And we know that if this were not the fact, Maryknoll would even now bear the marks of failure.

When the Superior turned away from his beloved flock in September of last year he left the old Seminary crowded with men and furniture, the Seminary annex at St. Joseph's, down the road a piece, echoing to the tread of heavy shoes, the sisters at their convent trying to breathe fresh air without hanging their heads over the window sills of their dormitories, and in the refectories struggling to pass the arms of their neighbors so as to reach their own plates.

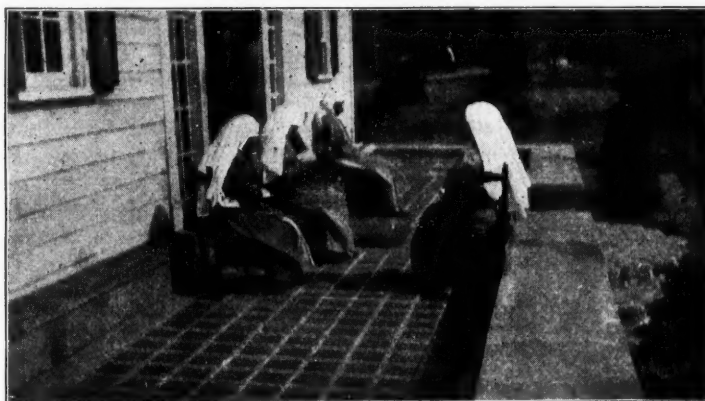
And over in the field was a small mountain of stones waiting to be deposited one by one on the partially built walls of the new Seminary.

When the Superior returned, seven months later, he found his old home at the pro-Seminary not what it used to be—almost desolate, with a comparatively small company of auxiliary-brothers and students, and with some furniture that came from nobody-knew-where.

But—and here is the point—the chapel exercises that marked his return from China were held in the commodious conference hall of the new Seminary, the

probability for generations, yes, for centuries if not disturbed by the hand of God, or by the violence of man.

The Superior found St. Joseph's changed from a Seminary dormitory that—it must be confessed—had been a little rough looking on the interior, to a correctly neat convent annex, housing some thirty and more novices together with their Reverend Directress. No more, at least for some years, will heavy shoes shake mud or



ON THE PORCH AT ST. JOSEPH'S.
Novices at the Evening Remission.

home-coming repast was served in the refectory and from the kitchen that will stand in all

dig nails into the planks that now come under the eagle eyes of the tidy Sister Sweeper.



THE PRESENT NOVITIATE.
St. Joseph's, once a barn, later a Seminary dormitory. Next?

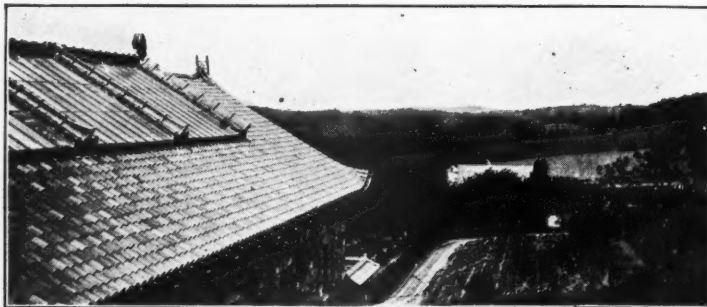
And within, where once carriages and other vehicles stood, there is an immaculate refectory, one large vessel with room for everybody including everybody's elbows.

The family had grown, and at least two score of the faces into which the returned Superior looked, with the usual interest of an absentee landlord returned to his preserves, were to him as so many blanks—not, of course, that their expression was unintelligent—but this was *his* home; he had found it and watched it grow, and he challenged everybody who hung his hat or her bonnet, as the distinction might be, on any tree-branch in the demesne.

Why should he not know his own? And yet he did not; but he is gradually becoming acquainted.

The Eleventh Anniversary of Maryknoll passed into history in the Feast of SS. Peter and Paul. Every Maryknoller within a radius of three hundred miles turned up for the occasion. A priest from Mesopotamia, and a missionary, Fr. Nugent, from China, took a notion to come up and spend the day. Nearly all arrived the night before and the last two shared a single bed, one using the spring mattress and the other making a shake-down. But everybody slept the sleep of the just, and Tiny, the mastiff, had no trouble guarding our peaceful hill and, at the same time, getting his usual quota of sleep.

Foundation Day ceremonies are simple, at Maryknoll, and this latest was no exception. The Superior, assisted by a student deacon and a student subdeacon, celebrated the Mass. The choir was at its best. The temporary chapel in the new Seminary tried to hide its rough stone walls, at least, to some extent, and at the close of Mass the Superior spoke, taking as his text the words: "Unless the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it." He emphasized the need of labor



THIS IS NOT CHINA.
The Library roof of the new Maryknoll Seminary.

and prudence but reminded all Maryknollers, here and abroad, that they are but instruments, and that even when to themselves they seem unfit, or weak for lack of means to carry on their work, they should recall that theirs is the work of God Who can do much with little.

Friends of the Maryknoll family came for dinner—the Dominican Professors, Fr. Cashin, newly created a Chevalier by the Italian Government, Dr. Phelan of Brewster, two wandering pastors from Boston who found one of their confreres on the hill-top—and all went merrily enough to bring a look of joy into the countenance even of a prohibitionist.

In the late afternoon priests and brothers pronounced before the Blessed Sacrament their purpose to remain with the Society during life, and a Te Deum closed the day.

So may we all meet merrily in Heaven.

THE FIELD AFAR has no professional agents.

A bishop, visiting the Knoll recently, expressed his belief that it would gradually become a place of pilgrimage, and indications point that way. This is brought home to us by a glance at the

Maryknoll-on-Hudson Diary which mentions, in addition to several score of individual visitors, a bus party of ninety who motored from the metropolis.

The diary also recalls pleasurable visits from Fr. Dorotheus Schilling, O. F. M., of Hakodate, Japan, who gave our solitary Japanese sister a chance to *Jap*; Fr. Nugent, C. M., who was kind to our Superior during his visits to China; Rev. Jos. P. McQuaide, who launched Maryknoll-in-San Francisco; several priests and brothers, also some sisters, from and near New York; Rev. Dr. Nash of Buffalo; Fr. Thomas of Marianhill, South Africa, who gave an interesting stereopticon talk; and a score of others, all of whom we were glad to feel had thought of Maryknoll as worth while.

The following Maryknoll Sisters have been assigned to China:

- Sr. M. Francis Davis,
(Brooklyn, N. Y.)
- Sr. M. Magdalen Doelger,
(New York City.)
- Sr. M. Dolores Cruise,
(E. Weymouth, Mass.)
- Sr. M. Thomas Bresnahan,
(Holyoke, Mass.)
- Sr. M. Cecilia Cruickshank,
(Toronto, Canada.)
- Sr. M. Gertrude Moore,
(New York City.)

Nine others leave the home Knoll at the same time—five being assigned to the house in Los Angeles, two to Seattle, and two to Scranton.

We have emphasized the China

delegation because they go far and for a long, long time. Besides we are rather hoping that some one will be inspired to see that it will cost a penny to "put these six good sisters across."

Will you provide five hundred dollars for one?

THE FIELD AFAR is One Dollar a Year.

It has often been said that the teaching profession is a thankless vocation. Undoubtedly there is little gratitude in the bosom of lively Johnny whose ambitions on the ball-field are considerably curtailed by the solid walls of the class-room.

But time brings new judgments to youth; and like others, we have caught the sense of appreciation which comes with the ripening years. It is little wonder, then, that when word came from the Middle West, calling Rev. Fr. Lydon, D. D., of our faculty back

to a special work in the Duluth Diocese, our theological students were very much saddened, for he had worked himself solidly into the hearts of all. With a fund of parochial experience that enabled him to illustrate many a dry proposition in Theology and Ecclesiastical Law, Dr. Lydon had an inexhaustible supply of good stories and a heart just flowing over with the kindness that comes to him who keeps close to Our Lord.

Dr. Lydon has earned our affection and gratitude because his time and talents were ours for the asking. We wish him many years of faithful service in his new labors.

The memory of Father Hodgins is fresh and clear among those who knew him. It is not in sorrow that we now think of him, for Christ prayed before his death: "Father, I will that where I am, they also whom thou hast

Read it once and you will keep it near you always—

THOUGHTS FROM MODERN MARTYRS
(Fourth Edition)

Being a collection of sentences prefaced by brief accounts of the three Alumni of the Paris Foreign Missions—

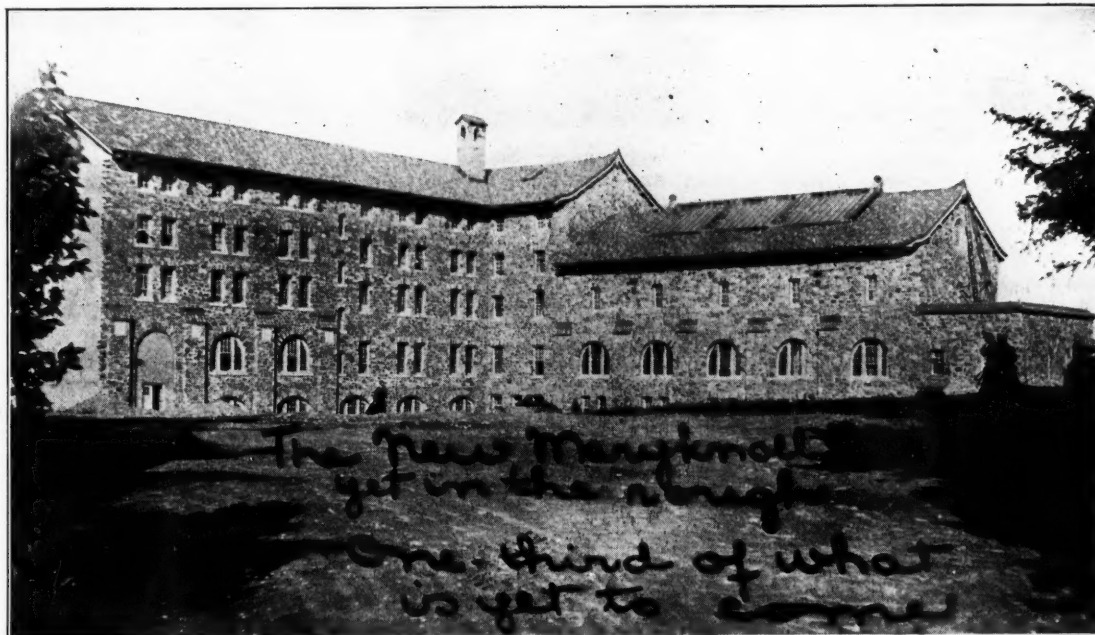
Just de Bretenieres
Theophane Venard
Henri Dorie

120 pages. 3 illustrations.

Price: Seventy-five cents, postpaid

given me may be with me; that they may see my glory which thou has given me." John, XVII, 24. Father Hodgins still lives on. let us hope and pray, in the glory of Christ; he is a Maryknoller even in eternity.

Born in Brooklyn in 1885, graduated with distinction from the University of New York, commended as a brilliant young lawyer by his civil superiors—such will perhaps be the story told in secular circles. His entrance and stay at the Josephite House in



Dear Reader: Note those stones set firmly in cement. They tell the story of love proved by many a sacrifice made by our friends who, from far and near, have supplied us with the means to gather and lay them.

Baltimore, his desire to work for the negro missions in this country, his admittance to Maryknoll, and the sacrifice of his life for souls will probably be less esteemed.

But the heart of Maryknoll, with which his beat in unison, holds him a calm, cheerful man, kind to those in need, persevering under difficulty. One who knew him best has said, "Father Hodgins was of a nature which difficulties would interest, rather than dishearten." Others have told of personal gifts and kindness timed to meet their need. He had his touch, too, of kindly humor which they who knew him well remember.

Of his economy a friend at Maryknoll says, "It aimed mainly to limit his own needs in order that he might help the needs of others." And, indeed, his own word, written not many months ago in all simplicity and candor to a Maryknoller, is excellent proof of this. "The ten dollars sent me as my share of the Maryknoll priests' gift to brothers in China, I am using for my school fund. I have no personal needs. I eat the Chiklung grub with relish and do not grow thin; I wear the long robes of the Chinese gentleman and am none the less handsome. Were my present home (the ex-duck shop) large enough for a school and fit for a chapel, I should be perfectly content."

As man, friend, and priest, Father Hodgins has deeply impressed his fellow-workers. His two hundred and eight catechumens will doubtless feel his interest still. All Maryknoll will profit by the impress of his life.

Multigraphs and mimeographs at Maryknoll ran off 65,000 impressions last month covering a score of cards, appeals, etc. The folding machine turned over 12,000 of these.

This is the Dollar-a-Year Mission Magazine.

Two excellent paintings have been offered to us with their frames for seventy-five dollars. Both are in oil and from Italy—one of the Holy Family, the other of St. Joseph. They are worthy of a place on the Seminary walls and open to some reader to whom such a gift would appeal.



AT THE END OF THE WALK
IN ST. TERESA'S COMPOUND.

Wanted—some Pullman sleepers. The Maryknoll Sisters are growing fast. At this writing they are facing the heart-rending problem of having sisters one more than beds. As St. Louis used to say: "What to do?" How they'll settle the problem we dinna ken, but it will probably be either a toss-up or a shake-down.

The only remedy against this condition appears to be the kidnapping of a few Pullman cars—to be run into the grounds and used as a sort of Maryknoll Annex until such time as "poor but honest" readers have contributed enough to warrant the beginning of the convent that now exists only in the lines of a blue print. Still, Billy Sunday may

come to Ossining and sell us his tabernacle after the trail-hitters have gone over the top. But, something must be done at once. Let us then be up and doing!

THE FIELD AFAR stays at one dollar a year.

He almost caught us—and if the first of the month had not been so near, our treasurer would have "fallen for his line"—a moving picture machine for classrooms to be used in turn at our College and at the Seminary. But —\$250.00 loomed too large.

The old refectory and kitchen at St. Teresa's have been converted into work rooms; one a studio for art and embroidery work, and the other for basketry and bookbinding. The whole section is called *Nazareth*, and the sisters hope to develop industrial arts that will find a place in mission schools.

"Maryknoll" is a word which has come to have meaning for tens of thousands of Catholics. The Priesthood of the Country is interested in Maryknoll. Maryknoll is in the heart, and on the lips of our Sisterhood. Maryknoll is known and loved by a large majority of those laymen who follow with intelligent interest the development of all important Catholic undertakings in America.

THE FIELD AFAR is the official monthly publication of the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, popularly known as "Maryknoll". One dollar will bring this brightest and breeziest of Catholic periodicals to your home for a year. It will establish a contact between yourself and one of the most promising of present day American Catholic enterprises which will be good for your soul.

If you, too, would like to learn of "Maryknoll,"—to know it is to love it, we invite you at this time to send a dollar to the undersigned for a year's subscription to THE FIELD AFAR.—Minneapolis Chapter Maryknoll Circle.

Wanted—

For Maryknoll-in-San Francisco: a set of the Catholic Encyclopedia and some spiritual books.

Maryknoll-in-Seattle.

HOLY child, Sacred Heart, and St. Anne Circles have engaged the services of a catechist, a fine Catholic Japanese, to aid the Mission in extending its work into the environs of Seattle.

The catechist visits the sick in their homes and in the hospitals instructing them in the truths of religion. One man, a Buddhist, was baptized before his death a few months ago. Another, who is under instruction, is suffering from tuberculosis, and hopes to receive Baptism before he goes to meet his God. Classes for adults will be formed and regular talks will be given upon religion. One half hour's instruction on Christian Doctrine is given every morning in the school, and Sunday School is held every Sunday morning at the Church of Our Lady of Good Help.

A bazaar was recently held in the Japanese Commercial Club by the circles, to raise funds to pay the travel expenses and salary of the catechist. A Rummage Sale is now in preparation.

Our Mission is struggling under a debt which handicaps the sisters a bit in their work. A recent appeal for assistance attracted the interest and sympathy of many. Although the response, materially, did not meet the need, the sisters are heartened and encouraged because many have a better understanding of our work; they have a new view point; and we are sure that new friends have been made.

Among recent guests were:

Rt. Rev. Joseph R. Crimont, S. J. Juneau, Alaska, and
Rev. Wm. Finneman, S. V. D.



CUNEGUNDA, MARY, AND MAGDALEN.

These are three postulants from Korea, now settled for their first period of probation at the Maryknoll convent in Seattle.

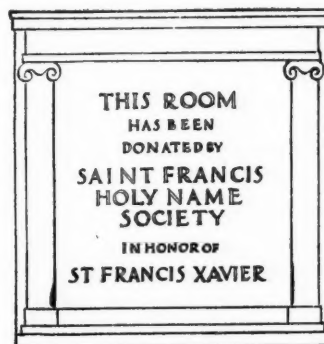
Jottings from the Diary of Maryknoll Sisters in China.

TWO of our sisters went to Hongkong, and the little "wang shui to" (ferry boat) rocked more than usual, because the wind was high and the sea was green "with anger." It was lots of fun to see the tiny sampans trying to put out in such winds. The women at the oars seemed to enjoy it and some actually had rosy cheeks from the exercise.

The rain came in torrents in the afternoon. Between showers, Fr. Galvin, of the Irish Mission Society, called with Bro. Alphonsus. Fr. Galvin is on his way to Hanyang, and has just come from Australia, which he has covered from end to end in propaganda work. He knows America, and has been through numerous parishes in the Middle West and East. Bro. Alphonsus has been twenty-three years in Hongkong but was recently sent to Manila, and is now on his way home to Ireland for medical attention.

This was a day of exposition of the Blessed Sacrament in Holy Rosary Church, and in our hours of adoration "Maryknoll Everywhere" was not forgotten.

While guests were here, a bookcase ordered some days before, arrived. Of course, the poor coolie who carried it



Five hundred dollars will secure, in our new Seminary, a memorial room for you or yours.

on a pole over his shoulder and who swung it through the hall into its place in the reception room had no idea of Sunday or its meaning. Books are a strong temptation, but we are short on meditation books.

The train for Canton was to pull out at three and it was with every courtesy from ticket agent and conductor that we joyously settled ourselves for a four hours' ride into "China"—(Hongkong, you know, is a medley. It is not China unadulterated. We had a little compartment in which there were two long seats facing each other, with a table between. We took out some magazines, but they did not prove as attractive as the countryside.

We got into Canton some time after seven and crowds thronged the station. White banners waved in the crowd and big Chinese lanterns which were held up against the train windows showed faces pressed against the panes, to see new arrivals—not us in particular. We had just one bewildering moment before we saw a sister from the Immaculate Conception Convent waiting for us, and with her aid we soon wriggled through the crowd to rickshaws.

These little drivers ran "*faiti-faiti*" (quickly, quickly) in the clear night. The street was wide and paved, and both sides were lined with Chinese shops. A big, clumsy public motor bus chugged along in the middle of the road and it was well filled. Our little drivers dropped us at a narrow opening, which in Canton is called a street.

Through this dark passage we made our way—a trifle fearful, I confess, because it was an unknown land in heavy blackness. But we kept close—very close—to sister and soon we were relieved to hear her say, "This is our garden." It might have been anything in the world, for all that we saw, but in the distance was a glimmer of light, and soon we were within the convent. The sisters greeted us warmly—and we felt very much at home with these apostolic women.

Through the early morning stillness came the sound of church bells. It was the Angelus ringing from the tower of the cathedral which is close by the Convent. Our hearts stood still and we listened. These were the first church bells we had heard since leaving America, last September, and we didn't realize how much we had missed them until that morning. Dimly outlined against the sky, we could see the beautiful cathedral, which tabernacles Christ in the midst of a pagan city. It was not hard to meditate that morning in the little convent chapel. We were really in China; we could see it, and hear it, and feel it, all around us. The wind blew through the trees in the garden and the rustle of the leaves was music—we hadn't heard the wind in the trees since we left Maryknoll, and we just closed our eyes and listened.

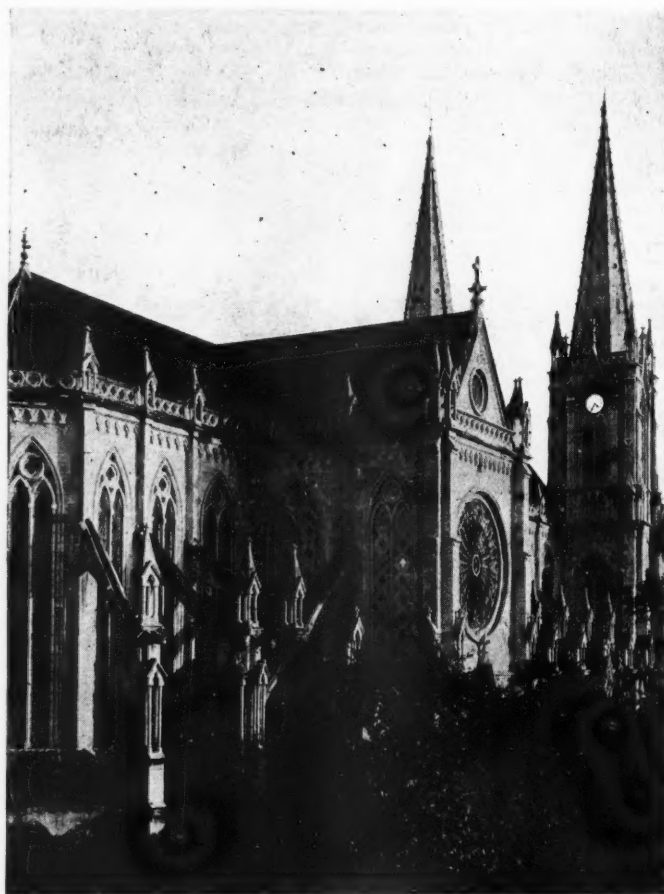
That morning we stopped at the Convent of the Little Sisters of the Poor, where as usual the atmosphere was bright and sunshiny. Sister Benedict, the acting Superior, knows and loves Maryknoll and radiates her happiness on all around her. The old folks bowed and promised us their prayers and wished all sorts of blessings.

About three that afternoon we took the train for Sheklung to see the lepers. It is little more than an hour's run from Canton. We were in the "women's coach"—the last car—and it was filled with young and old and all were smoking. Evidently these were much at home with cigarettes. Between smokes there was lunch and such lunch! A precious morsel was presented to Sister Paul—half of a large, juicy cockroach. Oh, it was dead and it

looked as though it had died a peaceful death—its wings were neatly folded and its eyes closed calmly—but nevertheless, the tid-bit was declined, because sister was "full-up." She had "just eaten." But refusals were not in line. If something couldn't be eaten at once it could be reserved; so a nice fresh egg was pressed into sister's hand. Her thanks were profuse and she made the rest of the journey carefully hoarding her treasure for the little lepers. Then there were rice balls, and oranges quartered, which were eaten hungrily while the juice ran on the floor and found a place there with peanut shells and more orange rinds.

Conversation was interesting. The Immaculate Conception Sister who was

with us knew the language and the people and made herself at home from the first moment when she opened wide the car windows to give us a breath of fresh air. The Chinese women—not coolies—never wear hats; so our friend of the bug and the egg asked sister to close the window and sister said that the air was good for her, but so much smoke was not good for us. She laughingly retaliated that our heads were covered and we didn't feel the cold. She was pleasant about it all and lighted another cigarette to keep warm. She thought sister must be much older than we, because she dressed differently, and she wished sister to speak Chinese all the time, because she couldn't understand when sister spoke English.



It was the Angelus ringing from the tower of the cathedral.

We reached the Sheklung station after five, and the wind blew a gale and the rain drops splashed on the road that led us to the river bank, where the *Star of the Sea*—Fr. Deswaziere's special boat, with its leper rowers, was waiting. We felt we were going to a holy place, as we pushed into mid-stream and the poor rowers started to drive against a terrific wind that rocked the frail boat violently. We didn't dream much on that ride; we were busy holding on and watching the river craft that was coming so close as to help the wind in its work. We sighted the islands—the sisters' and Father's—but we couldn't approach. We clung close to the opposite shore and made a wide detour "when the wind wasn't looking." At last we stood on the convent steps and the sisters, in white, came out to welcome us. The leprous women, too, stood on their piazza and warmly greeted the strangers.

Thoughts came rapidly that night as we heard the wind on this lonely island and thought of the sacrifice these sisters were making, as though it were nothing extraordinary. We realized more than ever that it is only personal love for the great Christ that can make such sacrifices not only possible, but sweet; and in contrast our minds turned to the busy streets



MISS COY ON HER WAY TO THE CHAPEL. HER HAIR IS NOT BOBBED.



MARYKNOLL SISTERS AT THE HOME OF MR. LO, SHANGHAI.
(This photograph was taken a year ago but arrived very recently.)

at home where many vainly seek the joy these sisters know.

The morning sunshine fell brightly on a quiet river as we hurried to the little chapel for Mass. Upon reaching it, we found that all the women and children of the island had already begun their prayers in the Chinese chant to which we are quite accustomed. Christ seemed particularly close, as we knelt at Mass, and mental pictures of Him Who first cured the lepers came unbidden.

When we left the chapel, Fr. Deswazieres finished his thanksgiving and little Katie and Annie—children of about six or eight—greeted him joyfully and hung on his coat. The little ones looked perfectly well, but Fr. showed us spots on the cheeks of each which marked the first outward appearance of the dread disease.

This afternoon we went through the women's buildings and, from the moment we entered, we had a crowd of followers—old and young, children and grown-ups. Our camera interested them and they crowded around to have a look. As we were going back to the convent, a sampan pulled up to the bank and an old woman in the bow of the boat begged admittance. She wasn't very sick—although the soles of her feet and her hands were quite marked—but there wasn't any room; so she had to be turned away. She begged so piteously—tears rolled down her

worn and wrinkled cheeks—and she declared that she would drown herself if she were not accepted, but after half an hour's begging the boat moved away slowly in the quiet waters.

The *Star of the Sea* took us down the now calm stream, and some of us kept our eyes on our office books because we were ashamed to look at the rowers and at the man on the bank pulling us—his heel red and sore was falling off and he limped silently along the gravel path; our rower had no fingers on one hand and his nose had disappeared.

We reached the crèche about five and there on a shelf, very similar to display counters in a department store, there were bundles of rags in which one felt—it was so dark—to see whether any one contained a little baby. Two were found and baptized; and then we had to leave the poor little things. But not for long would they be in suffering! Out of the darkness of one of the back rooms hobbled an old pagan woman who in addition to the baby on her back had another in her arms. Fortunately, neither was crying. She greeted us with a series of Chinese bows and we were off again into the little narrow ways through which we travelled, Indian file.

Send for Fr. Price's pamphlet—*Missions a Duty*.

Hail! Dominicans, Passionists, Vincentians. All Hail!



THE MEETING OF ST. FRANCIS
AND ST. DOMINIC AT ROME.
(From a painting by Gozzoli.)

On they come! Now it is the American Dominicans, bound for China; and they are fortunate, these white-robed missionaries, in the fine traditions of their great order. Dominicans have been in the Far East for centuries, and their blood, generously shed for Christ, has prepared the soil for a splendid harvest.

The American Dominicans will go into the Province of Fokien, taking Kienning-Fu as their center. They will not be an impossible distance from Maryknollers, and on both sides there is a strong hope that occasionally there can be a get-together party to which, of course, the American Lazarists and all other Americans in China should also be invited.

Only a few months ago the American Passionists sent their first band to China. All Maryknollers will be interested to get news of their impressions, and we are pleased to quote the following from a letter received lately by one of our priests:

Our entrance into the mission field was rather arduous when one looks at

May we suggest the adoption of a catechist? A good catechist means the addition of at least one hundred adults to the fold of Christ every year.

it from a merely natural point of view; but in the light of Faith it was glorious, and eminently befitting those who were to be the pioneers of an order whose peculiar mission is to preach Christ and Him Crucified. Our Lord ordained that we should come at just the wrong season of the year when the piercing cold of the Chinese winter was in full blast, and the accommodations for travel perfectly miserable on account of the low water in the rivers. Mud, rain, cold, lack of proper food—all these things made us realize that we were actually facing the real apostolic life at the very beginning of our missionary career.

Then I had the personal privilege of a two days' trip through the mountains to present our papers to the bishop. Shall I ever forget it? Hardly! Both to and from the bishop's house the journey was full of thrills—and chills, too. I was supposed to ride in a "chair," but the intense cold made this impossible. The coolies thought I was a queer customer indeed: this foreigner who would pay for conveyance, and yet preferred to walk. And walk I did! The last stage of the trip, returning to the mission at Changteh, is something that will remain with me forever. I said Holy Mass at three in the morning, and started out in the darkness to cover the thirty-five miles in the mud and rain. We expected to reach the mission before darkness had fallen, but were disappointed. When the sun went down we were at least ten miles from our destination, and, to add to our difficulties, were not sure of the road. Well, we plunged ahead in the darkness, leaving the chair-bearers behind, and trusting that our good guardian angels would keep us on the right path. Time and time again we sat down to get a little breath, then rose to go forward again, slipping off the narrow path into the water, dripping with perspiration, until we finally staggered into the mission compound at Changteh. Nearly eighteen hours on the road! Enough to satisfy even the most ardent missionary.

Now, thank God, I am settled at the central house of our new district. Not so with the others, for this week they must set out for their respective mission stations, by order of the bishop. One has, at least, a two weeks' trip ahead of him in a small Chinese sampan; the others a considerably shorter journey. Therefore, you see why I am so busy making sure that there are enough Boston Baked Beans to go round, and trying to procure those things which will make their trip as pleasant as possible. You will agree that to be a Procurator in Shenchowfu

THE Mite Box is now a fixture in many Catholic homes, and it is a constant stimulus to the little sacrifices that spell love.

When in one family a man gives up paying ten cents for a daily shine, a boy passes a "movie temple" on the street and later drops a dime to build up the Church of Christ, a girl abstains from candy occasionally and transfers to God what she has saved, we begin to realize that the story of a Mite Box is a fine commentary on the Spirit of Charity that lives in the midst of our selfish world.

is no easy task. Cases sent from America one month before our departure have not arrived in Shenchowfu.

But we have much for which to be thankful. Our mission district is most beautiful, and the climate very healthful. This is the prettiest little Chinese city I have had the pleasure of seeing in the Far East. I like the people. They have their faults—we have ours. Why criticize? They are industrious; they are exceedingly patient; they are most willing to do any duty with a patience and willingness that is astounding. And the best of all, they are willing to make sacrifices to practice their faith. I can honestly say that the tears came to my eyes when I beheld them arriving at the mission on Holy Saturday, after a two or three days' tramp through the mountains. Many of these poor people had their little ones with them, and these they carried in their arms or in a little basket strapped to their backs. The Feast of the Resurrection had a real meaning for them.

That which pains me most is the lack of sisters in the district. We have not a single one; and, in consequence, the work has suffered greatly. The salvation of the Chinese women will be brought about in great measure by the work of the Catholic sisterhoods. At least, the latter must take the first steps with them in the work of conversion, and break down those natural barriers which centuries of rigorous custom have established. This is especially true when we speak of the upper class of Chinese women. The poorer class has, indeed, a dif-

In the Far East, as elsewhere, a catechist can accomplish much even without the missionary, but the mission can do little without the catechist.

ficult life. It is nothing to see women in this city laboring for twelve hours a day with a pick and shovel. The feet are not bound among the poor. These women are born to slave and toil from morning to night.

The dispensary work will be a great factor in the work of conversion. To my mind, each mission should have a dispensary even before a school is erected. The dispensary paves the way to a better understanding of our holy religion, and teaches the charity of Christ in a way all its own. Only the other night I was reading the beautiful life of Mother Mary Lawrence, and the words of the author concerning dispensary work came home to me with redoubled force. He simply confirmed me in the sentiments I have felt for a long time. The work that could be accomplished by a band of fervent sisters during the present famine could hardly be appraised in human language.

It is not hard for me to imagine how busy you must be with your correspondence; but do please give me and the Passionist Mission just a tiny memento daily when you are "Coram Sanctissimo." Begging our



FR. CELESTINE, C. P.
With the Angel of his flock, Mme.
Catechistine, who has many re-
sponsible positions.

Crucified Savior to bless you and your community, I remain,

Devotedly in the Passion of Christ,
Fr. Celestine, C. P.,
Passionist Mission,
Shenchowfu, Hunan, China.

Keep the Catechist Funds moving! Your Holy Name Society can fit nicely into mission work. Hire a catechist and get in touch with the Maryknoller who will use him.

After four years in China the Maryknoll Mission Superior writes the following answer to an inquiry:

God's grace and an iron will can make up for the lack of health, and they have done so in some cases—in the cases of saints. The ordinary individual needs the help of robust health, if he is going to accomplish much. Did you ever read Francis Thompson's *Health and Holiness*? It is good.

Here is my idea of the qualifications for a missionary, given in their order of importance:

1. Spirituality
2. Health
3. Theology
4. Other Sciences
5. Practical Arts

Of course, I understand a good deal by spirituality—everything in the spiritual line, in fact, that a missionary needs, such as personal holiness, zeal, charity, patience, etc.—in short, all the obvious things. It is clear that unless a man has some tincture of these qualities, it is no use for him to be a missionary at all.

Last fall when the Maryknoll Missionaries met their Superior in Hongkong each was invited to prepare a budget for the year.

Several of these, giving in detail the requirements in each section, have found their way to the editor's desk and, as they have interested him, they should have a like effect upon you.

Here is the summary of the first:

FR. FORD'S MISSION AT YEUNGKONG. Needs for 1922.

Convent and Land	\$5,000.00
House for Catechumens	1,000.00
Orphanage	500.00
9 Outlying Chapels, each	500.00
2 Catechists, each	100.00

Don't forget the future native priests needed to complete our Maryknollers' work. The boys are ready, but this generation at least must depend upon us for their education.

A hundred dollars pays tuition, board, and lodging for a Chinese aspirant to the priesthood for one year.

MARYKNOLL-IN-CHINA NEEDS

\$10,000	for a complete establishment.
\$5,000	for land to serve as a center.
\$4,000	for a catechist bursar.
\$1,500	for a native-student bursar.
\$1,500	for a small dispensary.
\$1,000	for schools (boys' or girls').
\$1,000	for a priests' house.
\$1,000	for a chapel in good brick.
\$500	for a chapel in mud-brick.
\$500	for outfit and travel expenses of a priest to Asia.
\$500	for outfit and travel expenses of a sister to Asia.
\$300	for the personal support of one missionary for a year.
\$200	for the yearly travel expenses of one missionary.
\$180	for the year's support of a catechist.
\$100	for the year's support of a native student.
\$15	for month's support of a catechist.
\$1	for a day's support of a missionary.

Our exiled sisters over in Hongkong have sent a postage-stamp wireless message asking for some books, preferably the following:

Life of Christ, by Fouard
Cardinal Vaughan, by Snead-Cox
Cardinal Manning, by Shane Leslie
Watches of the Passion, by Gallwey
Life of Mother Seton
Christian Perfection, by Rodriguez
Benson's Novels
Benson's Paradoxes of
Catholicism
Holy Ghost the Sanctifier,
by Manning
Spirit of Newman, by Martindale
Liturgical Year, by Dom Gueranger
Meditation Books
Roman Breviary (Marquis de Bute)

That's all for the present, they say, and we hope that the modest demand will touch some book owner who can spare a few volumes from his unused stock.

You will note that we call for quite a variety but we like best of all the *stringless gift*. You can easily realize why. Send all through Maryknoll, New York.

More Maryknoll mission stations mean more catechists, and parishes or Sunday schools or school or parish sodalities can "do a fine turn" by backing our men in the field.



Mission Circle Notes

A Maryknoll Mission Circle is a group of persons, young or old, who aim to cultivate in themselves and others a knowledge of Catholic foreign missions, to pray for the mission cause, and to help provide for the special needs of Maryknoll at home and in the mission field. Circles are urged to secure the approval of their pastors and are requested to send their offerings through the diocesan mission office where such exists.

Address all communications to:
The Circle Director, Maryknoll, N. Y.

"Circle the Earth with us." Send your name for enrollment in the Maryknoll Centre Circle, one dollar a year.

Maryknoll is very grateful for the cooperation given by many Circles in the addressing of several thousand wrappers during the past week.

The Immaculate Conception Circle of Philadelphia has been doing splendid work with its "Ring and Mite Boxes" as was shown by its recent remittance of \$90.

We were happy to receive a supply of bandages from the members of *Our Lady of the Missions Circle*; these will be of great use to our missionaries who need them in almost unlimited number.

The *St. Francis Xavier Circle*, Rochester, N. Y., remembered Maryknoll with a gift of \$12.60, and *The Mary Ann Circle* of LaFayette, Ind., sent in \$25 for its catechist and \$45 for the Leper Fund.

Another successful Philadelphia Circle is dedicated to *Our Lady Help of Christians*. This Circle sent as its latest offering, a large box of altar and household linens, prayer books, statues, and other religious articles.

We are very grateful to the nurses of St. John's Hospital of Springfield, Ill., for their interest in the Maryknoll Sisters. They have offered to outfit one of them who will sail for China in September.

The *Venard Circle* of Pittston, Pa., has sent its final donation to complete the \$180 needed for the support of its catechist.

Enclosed please find check for \$121, collected by the Immaculate Conception Circle of Philadelphia, through Mite-Box offerings.

Under separate cover the Order of St. Veronica is sending you two boxes of linens which we trust will be of use for your missions.

—Huntington, Indiana.



A CIRCLE CATECHIST.

His intelligent service is made possible by the activities of a Circle in the home-land.

The *Mite Club* of Dorchester Mass., sent in a biretta and gift of \$5. This club is doing excellent work in spreading the foreign mission idea among its friends.

Our Lady of The Missions Circle, Washington D. C., is giving a room in the new Seminary; a recent check for \$78 made their fund jump to \$365. These kind friends have also given to us bandages of many sizes and excellent use can be made of them on the missions.

Five hundred dollars will suffice for the dedication of a student's room in the new Seminary. On the door will be encased a memorial tablet. Eighteen rooms are already taken. Will you dedicate one?

A Maryknoll Annuity for you means annual (or semi-annual) interest paid to you during your lifetime out of a principal actually given by you to Maryknoll. The amount of interest may depend on your age. An annuity can be taken out by you for some one else.

St. Patrick's Circle, Phila., Pa., is keeping an eye on St. Patrick's Burse; \$25 from this Circle has been applied to it recently.

We are sending part of the proceeds from our sack sale, \$10. It was a success. Prayers and best wishes from—*The Auxilia Mariae*, Jersey City, N. J.

The following Circles sent in donations for the rooms they are giving in the new Seminary: *Our Lady of the Missions Circle*, Washington, D. C., \$78; *Friendly Helpers*, N. Y. C., \$130; and two members of the *New York Auxiliary*, \$500.

Westfield, Mass., is an active Circle center. The *Little Teresa Circle* has just held a very successful apron and food sale, the proceeds of which (\$75) went to the orphanage in China, and \$65 were realized for the Maryknoll Leper Fund from a joint Whist given by *The Maryknoll Club* and *St. Bridget's Circle*.

During June and July the Student Aid Fund was considerably augmented, the following Circles being especially generous in their gifts: *Our Lady of Victory Circle*, N. Y. C. \$150; *Immaculate Conception Circle*, Meriden, Conn. \$100; *Our Lady of the Maryknolls Circle*, N. Y. C. \$50; *St. Helena's Circle*, N. Y. C. \$50.

THE MISSIONS ARE CALLING FOR: colored crayons, light weight card board—any color—for mounting pictures, paper of all kinds, scissors, colored glass beads, worsted, balls of string, odds and ends of ribbon, silk and muslins, old numbers of *NORMAL INSTRUCTOR* magazine, and story and picture books. Please direct to Circle Director, Maryknoll, New York.

Clubs and Circles may have THE FIELD AFAR, if all copies are sent to one address, for eighty cents a year.

To Circles where THE FIELD AFAR has a long list of subscribers we suggest the very practical mission idea of helping Maryknoll to keep forgetful subscribers on the FIELD AFAR list. Does the idea strike you?

SOME WHYS.

Why must a consistent Catholic become interested in the evangelization of the world?

Consult the following text: Isaia II, 2-3; LII, 7; Psalms II; XLII; LXVI; LXXI; Malachi I; Matt. XI, 28-29; Luke II; John IV, 16, X, 16; Acts IV, 12; Romans X, 13-15; Apoc. V, 9.

Why did the Apostles not remain in Jerusalem where they had enough to keep them busy for a lifetime?

"Going, teach all nations." This was the commission they received from their Master.

Admit that charity begins at home but insist that it does not stay there; otherwise, it ceases to be charity.

Does heat grow more intense as the flame spreads?

Does not charity burn more deeply and more brightly as it widens?

Have you any idea of the present population of the world and how the various religions are represented?

Recent figures compiled from various sources give the total population of the world as 1,700,000,000, almost half of that number living in Asia.

Catholics	300,000,000
Protestants	180,000,000
Schismatics	120,000,000
Jews	11,000,000
Heathen	1,000,000,000
Mohammedans (included in above)	

Total 1,611,000,000

These figures make no allowance for some millions who are attached to no religious body.

From the above figures, what is the proportion of Catholics to the entire number of Christians; to the population of the world?

How many souls must be reached before the whole flock is gathered under one shepherd?

In the Catholic Mission fields of the world there are at present:

Native Priests	5,837
Foreign Missions (America, Europe, Great Britain) ..	7,933
Brothers	5,270
Sisters	21,320
Catechists	24,542
Teachers	17,450
Catechumens	1,517,000

Jot down these figures in your mission album. They are the results of the latest researches.

Be a sharer in this great work for souls. Some day you will be glad to say:

"I put a Stone in the Maryknoll Seminary!"

In Other Fields.

THE Paris Seminary reports on its missions 1109 native priests, as against 612 twenty years ago.

Two French-speaking Dominican sisters will be very welcome over at Langson, Indo-China; and good Fr. Cothonay, who was Maryknoll's first host and helped its founders to rock the cradle, will be kind to them.

A veteran and saintly Cochinese priest, Fr. Bink, recently celebrated his golden jubilee and was assisted by twelve relatives, all priests.

This was at Saigon, in Indo-China. What a fine answer to the question that comes occasionally to every Catholic propagandist: "Is it worth while?"

The Hongkong mission recently lost a fine type of Chinese priest in the person of Fr. Anthony Liu.

Fr. Liu, ordained more than twenty-five years, had more than a local reputation for learning and virtue. As a missionary he was much loved by the native Christians and highly respected by all classes of people, as also by the Chinese authorities.

STAMPS YOU WILL WANT TO HAVE

If you are a collector, here is an opportunity to secure some valuable stamps in good clean condition at a price lower than usual. The proceeds of the sale will be devoted to the missions. If you are not a collector buy a set anyway, to help the missions; and later you can re-sell at regular rates. The value of these stamps increases with time.

These stamps are sold in sets:

- a. Complete set (23) to \$5.00 stamps - \$6.00
- b. Same, less the \$5.00 stamps - 3.00
- c. Same, less \$2.00 and \$5.00 stamps - 2.00
- d. Same, less \$1.00, \$2.00 and \$5.00 stamps 1.60
- e. Less 16c, \$1.00, \$2.00, \$5.00 stamps - 1.40
- f. 17 stamps of various values, with some higher priced ones - 1.00
- g. 25 stamps of 13 different values - 1.00

Address all orders and inquiries to Rev. C. Bellmann, P. O. Box 291, Belleville, Ill.

Occasionally we are in a position to pass on to other missionaries some gift that comes for them, and recently in acknowledgment of such help a priest in Africa wrote:

Starting in the high grass with neither house, nor church, nor school, requires more than courage—money, too. I know you have your own Fathers to look after, and therefore I am not asking any pecuniary aid, but just give me a little memento in your Holy Mass that God may strengthen me in my work.

I recall when I was a sacristan in Mill Hill. I often wish I had a few of the articles there in the sacristy to decorate my altar, but bottles are my vases and empty tobacco tins do the same service.

—Rev. J. Bergmans, Rangala.

You can have the use of your money during life and the assurance that it will not be squandered afterwards.

A BIGGER AND BETTER JUNIOR!

FOR THE COMING SCHOOL TERM.

Beginning with the September issue, the JUNIOR—Maryknoll's mission magazine for boys and girls—will appear in a new form.

The size of the pages will be much increased—and consequently the amount of interesting and valuable reading matter will be much increased, too.

The pictures—already favorably commented on—will be larger and better. Stories, puzzles, and contests will have their share in the added space. Altogether we are certain that

the new JUNIOR

will meet with an even warmer welcome than did the old. It will be equally valuable, too, to elementary and Sunday school teachers in their work of arousing and developing mission interest.

And the price remains as low as before—50c a year, for ten issues.

Send a postcard for a sample copy.

Address: THE MARYKNOLL JUNIOR, Maryknoll, N. Y.

American Franciscans.

Occasionally references are made to Maryknollers as the first American priests to labor in China. This is not the fact, we are happy to say, although it is true that Maryknoll, the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, is the first American society to supply missionaries to China.

Some fine types of American priests have gone to the Orient from the Franciscan Order. Among these, THE FIELD AFAR has often mentioned Fr. Sylvester Espelage, whose excellent work at Wuchang should be better known and more strongly supported. Fr. Espelage has now as a companion Fr. Maurice Connaughton, who, in a recent letter to the Maryknoll Superior, writes:

My pioneer days as a Chinese missionary, seven years ago, were spent with Rev. A. Mullin, who was what I might name my novice-master in my missionary career. I always had a look through his FIELD AFAR.

I regret very much to have missed seeing you during your visit to Hankow some years ago. I was away in the interior at that time and you were already on your way to Shanghai when word reached me that you were in Hankow.

I have had to bid farewell to my old mission district. I was transferred to Wuchang two years ago and have been here ever since. I found it difficult to tear myself away from my old Christians and surroundings, where I had labored so long, but my superior called me to Wuchang and there's no use crying over spilt milk.

I am now teaching in the College, helping out Fr. Sylvester. I am completely broken in and feel resigned to my fate. I have plenty to do and that keeps me from thinking and meditating on the days that are gone. I am happy with my boys and, even here in my present position, I can do much for God and souls. The College is growing, year by year, and meeting with every success.

I received a letter sometime ago from my sister, who is one of the Franciscan sisters in the General Hospital, Shanghai; she mentioned that she was nursing one of the Maryknoll missionaries who had undergone an operation. She came out to China about two years ago. I paid her a visit last year and it was a real joy to meet in China; we hadn't seen each other for twelve years.

ASPIRANT APOSTLES.

Young men who desire to become Maryknoll Missioners should apply without delay, giving their educational status and references. Address: The Very Rev. Superior, Maryknoll, New York.

TO FATHER HODGINS.

A priest is dead: for hark, upon the Knoll

Deep dirges sound. In sorrow bowed, each gives

The prayer of faith for his immortal soul.

Ah, Maryknoll weep not—in death he lives.

A priest is dead; it seems but yesterday With winged joy and purest autumn breath

In prayer we knelt and sped him on his way.

Ah, Maryknoll, weep not—he lives in death.

A priest is dead: God called. His work was done.

Benighted souls in distant lands he sought

And raised the Cross beneath a foreign sun.

Ah, Maryknoll, in death he lives—weep not.

A priest is dead; upon a foreign shore His body lies; but ah, his blessed soul Shall bear the burden of this strife no more.

In death he lives—weep not, My Maryknoll.

—J. H. C.

"The Spirit" is finely manifested in the following letter from a Catholic father in Cleveland:

Surely I cannot let my subscription lapse right now, because next year I hope to have my boy at the Knoll and I shall want to keep myself posted, through the columns of THE FIELD AFAR, as to what is going on there and in China.

A. tells me that you recently lost one of your missionaries in China, Father Hodgins; please pray that my boy may one day be able to take his place.

I have another boy at home, and nothing would please me more than to see him enroll himself at The Venard this coming September; please pray for that intention.

Three thousand dollars will provide for the education, board, and personal expenses of one student entering our Preparatory College (The Venard) as a beginner and finishing his course at Maryknoll as a priest.

Some Reviews

Meditations, thirty-one in number, all prepared carefully by a distinguished theologian, has been published by O'Donovan Bros., Baltimore, Md.

The Debt of Guy Arnolle is a very entertaining story adapted from the French by Alice Dease. The interesting plot and the picture of life in East Africa are enough to commend the book; but strongest of all should be the appeal through its portrayal of foreign mission work. Indeed, it would be well worth reading if naught of the story should remain save a memory of the closing lines, "Never forget that I love the Divine work of making God known to the heathen and that I want you to pray that the knowledge of Him may some day be theirs." Published by Sands & Co., London.

The Life and Times of John Carroll, by Dr. Peter Guilday, Catholic University. In this volume, Dr. Guilday has given us not only the biography of America's first bishop, but also an authoritative history of the Catholic Church in this country during the era embracing the Colonial Period, the Revolution, and the establishment of the Republic, down to 1815. To those who are familiar only with the general outlines of American Church history, the work will be in the nature of a revelation. Dr. Guilday has written with a wealth of detail, but they are etched by a master craftsman and make only for a clearer analysis of the religious, political and social temper of the period. He has done what is almost impossible to accomplish—presenting to the public a work which will be welcomed by the ordinary reader as well as by the most profound historical scholar. The price of the book, in a one volume edition, is \$5; in a two volume edition \$7.50. It is published by The Encyclopedia Press, Inc., 32 East 41st St., New York.



The Maryknoll Pin

The Chi-Rho

It consists of two Greek letters—Chi (key) and Rho (roe)—the monogram of Christ. The circle symbolizes the world, and the entire emblem signifies the mission of Christ to the world.

Gold plate 25c; 6 for \$1.00

Gold on red or blue enamel, 50c

Small gold, 50c

Gold, pin or button, \$1.00 and \$2.50

Silver pin, 75c

THE FIELD AFAR OFFICE

The Gatherings.



You may have the melon, Sammy, but let us have the seeds. Shanghai roosters and all kinds of Chinese people eat water-melon seeds with a relish.

WHAT YOUR STATE DID.

State.	Gift.	New Subscribers
Alabama	\$ 100.00	1
California	377.02	154
Colorado	11.13	
Connecticut	372.30	16
Delaware	4
Dist. of Columbia	110.25	3
Florida	2.00	1
Idaho	5.00	
Illinois	234.60	11
Indiana	33.25	2
Iowa	3.45	1
Kentucky	88.61	3
Louisiana	13.65	
Maryland	323.10	
Massachusetts	2,982.49	79
Michigan	35.75	4
Minnesota	89.70	22
Missouri	78.50	6
Nebraska	13.50	1
New Hampshire	32.04	2
New Jersey	1,149.63	42
New Mexico	105.00	
New York	2,721.34	4,505
North Carolina	5.00	
North Dakota	5.00	
Ohio	276.35	25
Pennsylvania	825.50	34
Rhode Island	201.73	5
South Dakota	22.70	1
Tennessee	10.00	
Texas	1.36	2
Vermont	57.00	
Virginia	5.55	1
Washington	57.20	6
West Virginia	38.00	1
Wisconsin	9,070.73	1

FROM BEYOND THE BORDERS.

Australia	1
Canada	10.00	1
China	10.00	
Jamaica	1.00	
Hawaii	5.00	
Netherlands	5.00	
Philippines	1

TOTAL OF NEW SUBSCRIBERS 4,936

MARYKNOLL LAND SALES.

(Original Purchase.)

May be "purchased" at one cent a foot. Buy by the hundred.

Total area	4,450,000
"Sold" to date	3,191,884
Yours to secure—for Maryknoll.	1,258,116

VENARD LAND SALES.

This land is being "sold" at one-half-a-cent a foot.

Total area	6,000,000
"Sold" to date	1,591,169
Yours to secure—for The Venard	4,408,831

Special cards are designed for those who would "purchase" land at Maryknoll or The Venard. Send for one of each.

LIBERTY BONDS WANTED

By the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America in exchange for Maryknoll interest-bearing Annuities.

Other bonds, savings-bank accounts, or cash, may also be exchanged for Maryknoll Annuity Bonds, which return an interest for life.

Interest rates and other information will be sent on request. (Correspondence on Annuities will be considered strictly private when desired.)

Address: THE CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY
Dept. A. MARYKNOLL OSSINING N. Y.

The Very Rev. James A. Curtin of Albany, who died recently, was a generous friend of the missions. For several years a Maryknoll student has been maintained by his bounty—the regular tuition (\$250) being forwarded yearly through Monsignor Glavin, Diocesan Director of the Propagation of the Faith for the Diocese of Albany.

Before the close of its term, the College of St. Elizabeth, Convent Station, New Jersey, had a very successful Mission Day.

A special Mass was offered for the missions and later in the day an entertainment, given by the pupils, was followed by a stirring mission talk from Dr. Wm. F. McGinnis, editor of *Truth* and head of the International Catholic Truth Society. The thought suggests itself that some of our Commencement Exercises would be benefited by the substitution of an occasional mission number.

Two memorial rooms at the Seminary were taken at \$500 each, also a gift of the same size came for a chapel. The largest donation toward a bursar was \$800 from St. Mary's College, Monroe, Mich.; substantial additions, however, were made to many burses and for not a few of these as well as for \$600 toward student aid we thank Rev. Friends of Maryknoll. Gifts stringless, and hence always acceptable, were not too numerous, but very welcome.

SPECIAL FUNDS.

The Funds recorded below have been carefully invested so that the interest shall be applied regularly to the needs as designated.

Maryknoll Propaganda Fund.....	\$5,000.00
Our Daily Bread Fund.....	1,435.08
Sanctuary Candle Fund.....	288.00
Sanctuary Oil Fund.....	246.55
Altar Wine Fund.....	209.00

CURRENT APPEALS

Stones in Seminary Wall.....	\$385.70
Memorial Rooms in New Seminary	630.00
Bricks in Preparatory College Wall	40.45
Seminary Tower.....	16.00
Minute Men.....	8.00

STUDENT BURSSES.

A Bursar is a sum of money invested and drawing enough interest always to provide board, lodging, and education for one aspirant apostle at the Maryknoll Seminary or Maryknoll's Preparatory College. The Venard. Each student beneficiary is instructed to pray for his benefactor.

The usual bursar is five thousand dollars. If the student's personal needs are included, the amount is six thousand. We will welcome additions to five thousand dollar burses.

SEMINARY BURSSES—Incomplete.

Immaculate Heart of Mary Bursar	\$4,837.56
Mary Dunn Memorial Bursar....	4,800.00
Philadelphia Archdiocese Bursar.....	4,775.00
Mary Crogan Memorial Bursar....	4,285.00
St. Patrick Bursar.....	4,093.24
Holy Face Bursar.....	4,083.11
Kate McLaughlin Memorial Bursar	4,010.00
Holy Souls Bursar (Reserved)....	4,000.00
All Souls Bursar.....	3,951.21
Columbus Diocese Bursar.....	3,835.00
St. Francis of Assisi Bursar.....	3,746.50
The Most Precious Blood Bursar....	3,421.00
Cure of Ars Bursar.....	3,414.35
Bl. Madeleine Sophie Barat Bursar	3,336.77
St. Anne Bursar.....	3,195.00
Holy Eucharist Bursar.....	2,937.00
St. Anthony Bursar.....	2,820.37
Trinity Wexanduit Bursar.....	2,782.23
Bl. Louise de Marillac Bursar....	2,184.06
Our Lady of Mt. Carmel Bursar....	2,068.89
Fr. Chapon Memorial Bursar.....	2,026.00
Marywood College Bursar.....	1,940.10
Holy Child Jesus Bursar.....	1,799.10
Pius X Bursar.....	1,724.25
St. Dominic Bursar.....	1,714.07
Dunwoody Seminary Bursar.....	1,654.55
Fr. Chaminade Memorial Bursar....	1,611.55
College of Mt. St. Vincent Bursar	1,500.00
Duluth Diocese Bursar.....	1,411.70
Bernadette of Lourdes Bursar.....	1,355.74
Our Lady of the Sacred Heart Bursar	1,286.48
Mother Selon Bursar.....	1,179.25
Omnia per Mariam Bursar.....	1,110.10
College of St. Elizabeth Bursar....	1,050.00

St. John Baptist Burse.....	953.33
St. Michael Burse.....	808.20
St. John Seminary, Archdiocese of Boston, Burse.....	800.00
St. Agnes Burse.....	674.31
Susan Emery Memorial Burse....	643.37
Sr. Pauline (Academy of St. Elizabeth) Burse.....	643.25
St. Lawrence Burse.....	640.25
St. Rita Burse.....	629.65
St. Francis Xavier Burse.....	504.28
Our Lady of Lourdes Burse.....	423.67
St. Joan of Arc Burse.....	422.01
Immaculate Conception, Patron of America, Burse.....	412.50
Holy Family Burse.....	325.00
Children of Mary Burse.....	270.05
St. La Salle Burse.....	253.80
St. Louis Archdiocese Burse....	250.00
St. Bridget Burse.....	238.00
Maryknoll-in-Heaven Burse.....	226.50
St. Boniface Burse.....	207.40
Our Lady of Victory Burse.....	175.16
SS. Peter and Paul Burse.....	150.00
The Holy Name Burse.....	148.00
All Saints Burse.....	137.28
St. Jude Burse.....	111.00
Jesus Crucified Burse.....	100.00

COLLEGE BURSSES—Incomplete.

Little Flower Burse.....	\$4,058.36
Sacred Heart of Jesus Burse (Re- served).....	3,500.00
Bl. Theophane Venard Burse....	1,591.80
"C" Burse, II.....	1,500.00
Sodality of Bl. Virgin Mary Burse	1,000.00
St. Aloysius Burse.....	625.51
St. Michael Burse, II.....	239.62
Immaculate Conception Burse...	111.00

STUDENT AID FOUNDATIONS.

A Student Aid Foundation represents \$1,000 the interest on which will supply the personal expenses of one student each year, at Maryknoll or Maryknoll's Preparatory College, The Venard.

MARYKNOLL STUDENT AID.

Fall River Diocese Fund.....	\$1,000.00
Our Lady of Perpetual Help Fund.	233.98

VENARD STUDENT AID.

Venard Circles Fund, No. 1.....	\$1,000.00
Venard Circles Fund, No. 2.....	1,000.00
Venard Circles Fund, No. 3.....	1,000.00
Venard Circles Fund, No. 4.....	1,000.00
Venard Circles Fund, No. 5.....	1,000.00
Venard Circles Fund, No. 6.....	382.03

FOR the repose of these souls, we ask the charity of your prayers:

Rev. T. J. Mahoney	Jeremiah Curtin
Rev. A. J. Stanley	Mrs. Jeremiah Curtin
Rev. F. Vens	Camilla Curtin
Rev. T. Pudlowski	Katherine Farley
Henry Wettstein	William Farley
Mrs. Maria Atkinson	Mrs. Mary Scolly
C. A. Kapp	Mrs. M. Naughton
Daniel F. Craven	Barbara Bretl
Mary Dailey	Patrick Grogan
Thomas A. Murphy	Mrs. M. Grogan
Mrs. A. B. McInerney	John Delaney
Catherine Mahoney	F. D. Kingseed
Mary Butler	John L. Desmond
Katherine McMahon	Margaret Nolan
S. P. McFarlane	John Nolan
Mrs. Elizabeth Dupre	James E. Quirk
Chas. B. Renville	Catherine N. Pollard
John P. Sullivan	Elizabeth Horan
Anne T. McDevitt	Dennis Linchau
Maurice Power	Mrs. Dennis Linchau
Mathew J. Ring	E. M. McDonald
Mr. Besse	Mrs. Eppuk
Francis E. Nagle	John F. Riley
Mrs. A. Thompson	Etta Doherty
Mr. Thompson	Geo. A. Lavelle
Mrs. M. K. Sutter	Mrs. Margaret Egan

Another annuity was added to our fund last month. The interest on these annuities goes to each donor during his or her lifetime; but the principal remains to strengthen our work and to make the burden lighter for our successors.

Two four-figure items went down on our records for last month and helped to bring up the desired average. One was an annuity of \$2,650 which will be placed at interest for the benefit of the donor; the other was a thousand dollars to be applied to the sustenance of Maryknoll missionaries.

The second gift came from no less a personage than the Bishop of Hartford, who some time ago expressed his purpose to stand sponsor for some of our exiles.

A gratifying announcement also revealed to us that, by the will of Francis J. McGovern of Philadelphia, Maryknoll should receive five thousand dollars. Pray that nothing will interfere because, if we must admit it, we need something respectably large these days.

This does not mean, however, that we are losing any affection for the smaller plums that fall into our basket, or for the gathered crumbs that make bread pudding for ourselves at home and supply bowls of rice to ourselves abroad.

From three estates came a total of \$250 during the month.

This paper employs no professional agents.

GIFTS RECEIVED IN KIND.

Rosaries, medals, ciborium covers, chalice veils, chalices and patens, surplices, vestments, cassocks, breviaries, oil stocks, stoles, Sacred Heart badges, missals, altar linens, handkerchiefs, wristlets, cameras, victrola records, typewriter ribbons, books, candles, watches, fountain pens, ever-sharp pencils, towels, linens, laces, underwear and blankets.

Any burse or share in a burse may be donated in memory of the deceased.
A new burse may be entered on the list when it has reached \$100.

MARYKNOLL MISSION FOUNDATIONS.

A native clergy and competent native catechists are the bases of successful and enduring effort in Catholic mission work.

\$1500 placed at interest will enable our missionaries to keep one Chinese aspirant to the priesthood at a seminary in China.

\$4000 placed at interest will provide for the support of one catechist (usually a married man with family), whose entire time will be devoted to the slow and tedious process of instructing the candidates for baptism.

Additions to the uncompleted burses and funds in the lists below are invited:

NATIVE CLERGY BURSSES.

Our Lady of Perpetual Help Burse.	\$1,500.00
Mrs. Annie Cole Memorial Burse..	1,500.00
Sacred Heart Burse.....	1,500.00
St. Vincent de Paul Burse (Re- served).....	1,341.55
Our Lady of Lourdes Burse.....	712.00
Maryknoll Academia Burse.....	300.00

NATIVE CATECHIST FUNDS.

Abp. Williams Fund, I.....	\$4,000.00
Abp. Williams Fund, II.....	4,000.00
Abp. Williams Fund, III.....	4,000.00
Abp. Williams Fund, IV.....	4,000.00
Abp. Williams Fund, V.....	4,000.00
Yenangkong Fund, I.....	4,000.00
Yenangkong Fund, II.....	1,181.65
Abp. Williams Fund, VI.....	11,000.00
Fr. Price Memorial Fund.....	596.69
Bl. Julia Billiard Fund.....	180.00

OTHER MISSION FUNDS.

Missioners' Books.....	\$442.00
Circles' Missioners' Support.....	378.75

NEW PERPETUAL MEMBERS.

Living:—Rev. Friends, 3; Mrs. E. L. A.; F. J. B. family; M. G. B.; Mrs. C. C.; N. C.; L. & M. D.; Mr. & Mrs. C. D.; M. D.; L. E. Sr.; J. E.; K. H. F. family; H. family; M. H.; J. M.; V. M.; W. M.; A. M.; E. M.; C. B. M.; T. E. M.; Mrs. T. E. M.; L. C. P.; A. L. R.; E. T. R.; Mrs. V. R. family; F. C. L. S.; Mrs. J. J. S.; Sr. St. N.; M. A. L. T.; Mrs. E. L. V.; Mrs. M. W.

Deceased:—Very Rev. James A. Curtin; Rev. Fr. Simonetti; Mary Margaret Bates; William Brann; Joseph Brann; Gertrude Brann; Cornelius Callahan; Mrs. C. Crosby; Nicholas Dalscheid; Mary Dalscheid; Katherine Dalscheid; Josephine Dalscheid; Michael J. Jordan; Edward Kelly; Elizabeth Kelly; Sarah Kennedy; Ann Kennedy; Michael J. Kennedy; Joseph W. Lipe; Michael Lynch; Catherine Lynch; Mary Melody; Timothy J. Melody; William J. Melody; Thomas Minogue; Joseph A. Pfitzer; Joseph J. Ring; Francis E. Ring; James M. Ring; Mary J. Scally; Mrs. Teresa Shannon; John M. Shea; Joseph R. Snyder; Annie Ward; K. H. Foley family; Harrington family; Mrs. Veronica Rusica family.

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FOR the repose of these souls, we ask the charity of your prayers:

Rev. T. J. Mahoney	Jeremiah Curtin
Rev. A. J. Stanley	Mrs. Jeremiah Curtin
Rev. F. Vens	Camilla Curtin
Rev. T. Pudlowski	Katherine Farley
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Mrs. M. K. Sutter	

Another annuity was added to our fund last month. The interest on these annuities goes to each donor during his or her lifetime; but the principal remains to strengthen our work and to make the burden lighter for our successors.

Two four-figure items went down on our records for last month and helped to bring up the desired average. One was an annuity of \$2,650 which will be placed at interest for the benefit of the donor; the other was a thousand dollars to be applied to the sustenance of Maryknoll missionaries.

The second gift came from no less a personage than the Bishop of Hartford, who some time ago expressed his purpose to stand sponsor for some of our exiles.

A gratifying announcement also revealed to us that, by the will of Francis J. McGovern of Philadelphia, Maryknoll should receive five thousand dollars. Pray that nothing will interfere because, if we must admit it, we need something respectably large these days.

This does not mean, however, that we are losing any affection for the smaller plums that fall into our basket, or for the gathered crumbs that make bread pudding for ourselves at home and supply bowls of rice to ourselves abroad.

From three estates came a total of \$250 during the month.

This paper employs no professional agents.

GIFTS RECEIVED IN KIND.

Rosaries, medals, ciborium covers, chalice veils, chalices and patens, surplices, vestments, cassocks, breviaries, oil stocks, stoles, Sacred Heart badges, missals, altar linens, handkerchiefs, wristlets, cameras, victrola records, typewriter ribbons, books, candles, watches, fountain pens, ever-sharp pencils, towels, linens, laces, underwear and blankets.

Any burse or share in a burse may be donated in memory of the deceased.

A new burse may be entered on the list when it has reached \$100.

MARYKNOLL MISSION FOUNDATIONS.

A native clergy and competent native catechists are the bases of successful and enduring effort in Catholic mission work.

\$1500 placed at interest will enable our missionaries to keep one Chinese aspirant to the priesthood at a seminary in China.

\$4000 placed at interest will provide for the support of one catechist (usually a married man with family), whose entire time will be devoted to the slow and tedious process of instructing the candidates for baptism.

Additions to the uncompleted burses and funds in the lists below are invited:

NATIVE CLERGY BURSSES.

Our Lady of Perpetual Help Burse.	\$1,500.00
Mrs. Annie Cole Memorial Burse..	1,500.00
Sacred Heart Burse.....	1,500.00
St. Vincent de Paul Burse (Re- served).....	1,341.55
Our Lady of Lourdes Burse.....	712.00
Maryknoll Academia Burse.....	300.00

NATIVE CATECHIST FUNDS.

Abp. Williams Fund, I.....	\$4,000.00
Abp. Williams Fund, II.....	4,000.00
Abp. Williams Fund, III.....	4,000.00
Abp. Williams Fund, IV.....	4,000.00
Abp. Williams Fund, V.....	4,000.00
Yeungkong Fund, I.....	4,000.00
Yeungkong Fund, II.....	1,181.65
Abp. Williams Fund, VI.....	1,000.00
Fr. Price Memorial Fund.....	596.60
Bl. Julia Billiard Fund.....	180.00

OTHER MISSION FUNDS.

Missioners' Books.....	\$442.00
Circles' Missioners' Support.....	378.75

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BUT WHAT IS IT? TO YOU?

A beacon light—not simply for the tourists who mount the glorious Hudson on their vacation trips, or for dwellers among the Westchester hills, who from miles around will see its graceful tower marking a fine sky line, but for American Catholics from coast to coast, from the Gulf of Mexico to and beyond the border of Canada, for American Catholics—of whom you are one.

Some one said recently, "Maryknoll is the Nation's pride," and a great Cardinal in Rome said, "Maryknoll is the glory of the American Church." If these words impress you, your heart is in the right place; but if you are not adding the strength of, at least, your little finger to raise the great structure to its pinnacle, you are letting pass an opportunity which would one day bring supreme satisfaction.

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